TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 23 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, MAY 4, 1889 | (SIXTEEN PAGES) | Whole No. 75

Around Town.

The week opened sadly enough. Few more terrible railroad accidents than that at Dundas are written in the history of Canadian railroading. Fortunately death came in a sudden though terrible form to those who perished. But few who escaped the deadly crash were burned though incidents of amazing horror are related. How long will it take to convince the Canadian government of the frightful danger of heating cars by means of stoves? Were it not for the great influence possessed by the railroads in our legislatures we would have long ago abolished the car stove. The method of heating the coach from the engine is as cheap, much more cleanly, and the heat is far better diffused than by the ordinary system. The great objection the railroads have to its adoption is the expense of changing from one system to the other. This last catastrophe should be sufficient to convince even those who are over kind to the railway corporations that the reform must be delayed no longer. A life lost here or there really amounts to little. Every second some life goes out unheeded by the great world, unwept by but few, and remembered perhaps by none. While there are so many lives and so many deaths there is no particular reason why we should heed any particular one unless it comes near home to us, and even then we should be glad if the life were given up in defence of principle, for duty or love's sake, but when a life is sacrificed for money's sake, because a railroad corporation is too anxious to earn a dividend, too mean to protect those who work for it, holding in its hands a scale with the lives of its passengers on one side, while heavy in the balance is the petty ambition of the managers and the covetousness of the stockholders, then the loss of life means much to the community, and the loss of a score of lives should mean a final lesson. It will be twenty years before the railroad companies will adopt anything but the car stove if they are left alone. Apparently they would rather have the hospitals and graveyards full than empty their coffers of the trifle it would take to make the change. New York State has passed a law prohibiting the car stove. Why should we jog so far behind in the procession of reform while our railways are filling a list of awful casualties.

***

I had a question from a reader asking if the railway will have to compensate the widows, orphans and others left desolate by the Dundas accident. I am told that the Grand Trunk has paid nothing yet to the heirs of those killed in the accident at St. George, and the evidence adduced in the inquiry has apparently established the fact that the accident at Dundas was not due to carelessness of the company's employes, but was caused by a broken axle, and in our railroad courts one is not permitted to inquire what broke the axle. Providence is supposed to have done it, and when it is Providence, not carelessness, railway companies do not have to pay damages. The suspicion we may entertain that the train was running too fast in a dangerous locality, must be dismissed, because it is difficult to prove the speed of a train; and the friends of those bereaved, and perhaps almost pauperized by the accidents named, must forget their tears and get down to hard labor, while the company will feel that it has been sufficiently hardly used in having to repair its bridges and renew its rolling stock after these terrible "inflictions of Providence."

***

Promptly enough, a paragraph I gave last week about the recompense likely to be paid the owners of the steamship Missouri for the rescue of the Danmark's passengers has been corroborated by an agent of the Thingvalla line, to which the Danmark belonged. He communicates to me the fact that their company has paid the steamship Missouri for all the cargo thrown overboard; for the time and expense of rescuing the passengers and crew; also for the time lost in going to the Azores: for the extra food purchased there, as well as the passage money of both crew and passengers.

***

The session of the Dominion Parliament has closed and the alert elector has no reason to be sorry. There was a tendency in the last days of the session to vote away every dollar in sight, which was without a string to it, to the bonus hunters and subsidy grabbers who latest what is known in speeches as "our Legislative Halls." If the performance were kept up another week the country would have risen in rebellion against such uncalled for and—as far as national good is concerned—misplaced generosity. I am informed that there has been a vast deal of kicking amongst the gentlemen who represent the counties during the last few weeks. The followers of Sir John have been made to trot at a pace which they feel will not be justified by the constituencies. They were held in line for the Jesuit Bill, and time is revealing that they will not be supported in their action, which they assert was in order to maintain the integrity of the party in such a dangerous juncture. Subsidies have been granted in a great many directions without any justification except political emergency, and yet there is not enough money in the box or recklessness in the leaders to make it possible to provide for all those of the M. P.'s whose popularity has been injured. Consequently those who go home without a subsidy and tainted by the pro-Jesuit vote, I understand will have not only a sharp tussle in the nominating convention, but a bitter one in the constituency. I am told, and do verily believe, that a round robin, signed by seventy of Sir John's supporters, was placed before the veteran leader as an evidence of the fear which is consuming some of them, that the "Short Line" subsidy millions will be a very short line to their political death, while, in another instance, thirty-five made a kick. Things are not as they used to be. Discipline is failing in the caucus, discontent is rife in the constituencies, organized opposition is springing up in the Conservative ranks, and general elections are not far enough away and the term of Sir John's possible supremacy not long enough to insure the humble obedience which has hitherto characterized his followers. I would not suggest that mutiny or revolt is imminent, and yet who can tell what will happen, when kings are likely to change and soldiers of fortune anxious to prove their allegiance to the sovereign who is reaching for the crown? The salvation of the "Old Man" is in the fact that the other aspirants for the kingship are all in the soup with himself, and he will not be disturbed unless a new Moses should happen to appear at this juncture.

***

In another respect the matter is worth considering. Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come, as was one time remarked by a French philosopher, and after his followers cease to be of use to him Sir John is not apt to take any chances of catching cold by going out into the wet to save those who have been fighting for him. Our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. John Small, M.P., had almost of necessity to vote on the Jesuit Bill with his chief for the simple reason that he has known no politics, no principles, "no nuthin'," so to speak, save Sir John and his commands, yet the fact that it would be dangerous to open East Toronto has no doubt deprived the said esteemed fellow-townsman of the position of Collector of Customs at the port of Toronto. It has made it almost impossible for him to be re-elected, thus it will be the end of the chapter as far as Mr. Small is concerned and another evidence that the man who most loyally serves his political king is the gentleman who ultimately gets elegantly left.

***

It pleases me greatly every once in a while to see newspapers who once sneered at my radicalism now advocating the identical measures which they once considered incendiary. For instance, the *Globe*, in a very excellent editorial, has pointed out that the Governor-General gets too much salary, and has a large and absurd grant for maintaining the vice-regal barracks known as Rideau Hall. The notion that the vast sums we annually pay to the Governor-General were to assist him to entertain, made his maintanance, though an expensive and irritating affair endurable to those who were entertained, but now the list of the "overlooked" has grown so great that long pent up criticism is breaking forth. When it is necessary to do any entertaining the country will entertain the Governor General, and as it is impossible for him to entertain the country, this is a much simpier and more rational way of doing it. Fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year is abundance to pay a figure head, and as the *Globe* suggests, a very comfortable house could be rented for fifteen hundred dollars per annum. And look ye my masters, the *Globe* also suggests that the "same course ought to be taken with the Lieutenant Governor." Certainly it should. Brother Mowat and his party vote fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year to maintain the Government House when it should be kept up at the expense of the gentleman who lives there, and the *Globe* should whisper in Mr. Mowat's ears in its most sibilant and tympanum disturbing accents that further donations for bun feeds at our local court should be stopped. I am glad to see the *Globe* at last coming around "to the sentiments of the plain, business like people of this country."

***

Parliament after bonusing doubtful constituencies showed its regard for us by voting two thousand dollars to assist Toronto in entertaining the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The civic reception committee expected ten or fifteen thousand dollars but they didn't get it, though when Montreal was entertaining a similar body a very much larger sum was allowed. When economy is not being practised in any other direction we might have expected better treatment but we are evidently too solid. Nobody at Ottawa is scared of Toronto. consequently we must take the crumbs and be satisfied. Nowadays the kicker is heard when the suppliant is led out by the ear. However we are not beggars and can do the thing ourselves though it will have to be on a smaller scale.

***

Not within the memory of the younger generation of Canadians has there been such a time of political disquiet and partisan disturbance as the present. Ever since I can remember there has been talk of a third party, many experiments have been made in that direction, but to-day in this province we see Citizens' Committees, Third Party movements, energetic kicks in party caucuses, the revolt of prominent party leaders, vigorous and unstinted criticism by strong men of those who are presumed to be their party idols, while in public places people talk together in deep earnestness or bitter argument as to the future not only of the two political factions but of Confederation itself. Never before in my recollection have the lines of cleavage been so strangely drawn, never before have there been such queer bed-fellows, such odd alliances, such peculiar combinations. The immediate cause of the surcharged political atmosphere is, of course, the Jesuit Bill, but one must imagine the Canadians to be an exceedingly inflammable people to believe that these manifestations are the result of an inward feeling which has recently been implanted. The sneer of the politician that the agitation would not outlast the dog-days is being answered by an increased effort on the part of the agitators and a ready response on the part of the people. Does it all really mean anything, or are we being fed on wind so that in a few days when the sun grows warm we may faint by the wayside and forget in our weakness what we are mad about? I don't think so, though we must remember that much of the noise is being made in Toronto.

***

The old Canada First party ended by becoming absurd, not from any fault of its own, but because the attractiveness of the parties reduced its following, and the fear of ridicule made many of its members absent themselves when their presence and influence were required. Nevertheless that association made a deep and lasting impression, not only on the people but on the politics of the country. The majority of things which it advocated have since been adopted, and that it did a great and patriotic work can no longer be disputed.

***

The attempt to form a Labor party has hitherto failed to accomplish more than the election of a few representatives, but it has made labor a factor in politics and has resulted in much legislative good to those concerned. Until the Labor organizations made the attempt they were despised, while the measure of success they have attained has made them an important element which must be reckoned with and for which great consideration is now shown.

***

It is unnecessary to enumerate other attempts which have been made. It is sufficient to point out that the present period of unrest—a Now which is full of anger, discontent and rebellion against the tyranny of parties and the corrupt and almost hopeless debasement of politics—is particularly adapted to the organization of societies intended to influence the course of national events. Ontario is waiting for a movement on the line of the complete separation of Church and State in education, taxation and legislation. The feeling of uncertainty caused by the recognition of a dual allegiance, dual patriotism, dual everything, produces a general looking about for a safe standpoint, the hurried throwing up of fortifications against the encroachments which, it is useless to deny, are being made by those who are neither Anglo-Saxon in their origin, language, ambition nor instincts.

***

The meeting a week ago last Thursday evening in the large parlor of Shaftesbury Hall, to organize a society which would meet the necessities of the case, was in every respect successful. Unanimity of opinion and enthusiasm marked the discussion of the constitution proposed by the committee, and the following was adopted without amendment:

That the name of this Association shall be the Canadian Legion.

Its motto: One Patriotism, One Language and One Flag.

Its objects: 1. The cultivation of a strong and aggressive Canadian sentiment.

2. The development of Canadian literature, science and art.

3. Equal rights for all.

4. Entire separation of church and state in education, taxation and legislation.

5. The fostering of the material interests of Canada.

6. The proper and patriotic celebration of Dominion Day.

Plenty of funds were subscribed for purposes of organization, sub-committees formed and officers elected. At a recent meeting of the executive it was decided to hold the first regular meeting of the Legion in the Shaftesbury Hall parlor, which will accommodate a considerable audience, on Monday evening next, 6th inst., when addresses will be delivered by those actively engaged in the formation of the society, applications for membership received, and the plans for future operations decided upon. Everyone interested in the platform and patriotic purpose of the society is invited. It should be distinctly understood that it is by no means a political party; that it is not the intention of its promoters to engage in politics in any other way than by endeavoring to influence public opinion and to throw the weight of its influence in favor of Canadians and those who love Canada.

***

The unfortunate condition, both mental and physical, of the ruling monarchs and heirs-apparent of Europe must convince the thoughtful world of the necessity of importing some new blood. The ruling families have married and inter-married until the children have almost all become runts, idiots, lunatics or epileptics, and are sore-eared, sore-eyed and ill-tempered beyond comparison. Just now it is hard to find anyone, except our own Prince of Wales, who is heir to a throne or is at all likely to sit on the velvet covered bench and do some wielding with a sceptre, who has both physical and mental health sufficient to pass a life insurance company even for an accident policy. In view of this, Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, known sometimes as Prince Eddie, is exciting some attention, as he is of marriageable age and, if he is at all like his relatives, will have early matrimonial inclinations. As yet he has no separate establishment, income or anything else, except his prospects. He must marry a Protestant, and the supply of daughters amongst the royal personages of Europe is limited, and contains very little beauty either of body or mind. Sir Edward Sullivan's suggestion that the Prince should marry an American seems eminently sensible. It is *infra dig* for a kinglet to marry one of his subjects, and if he must go to a foreign country why should he not come to America? There are plenty of millionaires who would bestow the hand of a daughter upon him and load him down with money-bags. This would be quite as respectable a method of getting a fortune as having it wrung from the British taxpayers, who have had to pension so many scions of the present ruling house. Such an alliance Sir Edward thinks would bring about a closer intimacy between the two nations, and America would like to see one of Columbia's fair daughters sharing the prospect of the throne of England. "Thirty-four millions in Britain would welcome with delight," says he, "a queen of their own blood, breed and speech." Sir Edward is fond of American women and believes the two great English-speaking peoples are destined to rule the world, and imagines

MAIDEN FANCIES.

that such a marriage would bring about an Anglo-Saxon alliance so powerful that war with it would be destruction to an offending power. All this reads very nicely and contains many elements of common sense, but perhaps if the future Queen of England were selected from amongst the daughters of American millionaires Her Most Gracious Majesty's father or grandfather would be referred to as having peddled coal-oil or mouse-traps, and the old gentleman might stumble into the Queen's parlor without being able to take off his hat in seven different languages. Perhaps at the banquets he would eat his potatoes with his knife and drink out of the finger bowl and thereby create scandal which would bring into awful disrepute the entire British nation. How would it look for Her Most Gracious Majesty's parent to tuck his napkin under his chin, pick his teeth at the table, or expectorate on the carpets of the numerous palaces? Would it be consistent with the dignity of Great Britain, Ireland and India for the queen's "dad" to sit by the cookstove in the kitchen and whittle, or drink hard cider and swap lies with the yeomanry at the corner grocery? Such a thing would be most shocking for the British nobility to contemplate, but I imagine it would bring the king business down to its proper level and put an end to much snobbery which is both expensive and offensive. Nobody nowadays is loyal to a king because he believes royalty to be a superior breed, but because it is better to have a hereditary figurehead than an elective one. If some of the clean and enterprising blood of the New World were infused into the veins of British monarchs, together with the new world love of liberty and a disposition to be self-reliant and economical, it would be for the good of those people who still cling to the hereditary idea. If scrofula, the bane of present monarchs—in fact the disease which for centuries has been known as the "King's evil"—is to be eliminated the present inter marrying of royal houses must be stopped. Once it was supposed that scrofula could be cured by the touch of the king. Now it is evident that it cannot be cured but by the touch of the common people.

***

I have the pleasure of a large circle of Roman Catholic acquaintances which I value not only for the friendship of the individuals, but also for the knowledge it has given me of a liberal and progressive spirit with which Protestants do not ordinarily credit their Catholic neighbors. Nor is liberality confined to the laity of the Catholic Church; many of the secular priests are as broad-minded and radical as the most advanced Protestant clergy. Separate schools are not desired by the laity, because they thoroughly understand that such schools are not so well equipped as the public ones, nor their teachers so well qualified as those who have to pass the examinations provided by the Government. The motion made in the Separate School Board of Toronto for the appointment of an inspector, proves that a very large section of that body is not in harmony with Father Rooney and the priests who believe in circumscribing educational influences by the sacred circle of the church. It was once said by a distinguished Catholic bishop that every Irish Catholic who came to America was lost to the church, and it is the general view of the hierarchy that democracy is to be combated in every possible form. We ought not to be surprised that the Roman Catholic holds this view. Their teaching, their policy has been adapted to dealing with the ignorant and mercurial races who are hardly yet qualified for self-government. The princes of the church do not seem to understand that in America and in the nineteenth century, and in many lands outside America, the people are now capable of conducting their secular affairs without any assistance from the clergy. The adherence of the hierarchy to the old rule is distinctly retrogressive, and it has not been criticized as it should be, for the simple reason that it has impressed itself upon Protestantism until many of the rulers of Protestant bodies have accepted the idea that our public schools should be utilized for religious training. The Roman Catholic Church has impressed itself upon Protestantism in many other respects. One of the most biting and well-deserved criticisms made upon it in its most corrupt days was that it indulged sinners and forgave sins in such a manner that personal godliness ceased to be a virtue, or at least the absence of such a virtue could be condoned by money payments. Even in the more refined and advanced civilization of this century we find the church encouraging the idea of corporate rather than personal godliness. The intervention of an intermediary between Christ and man has always had the same result. When mankind appeals to God for mercy, for forgiveness, for spiritual assistance, there is no one except the God-given sacrifice upon whom responsibility can be laid for sins, but when an agent is employed as a go-between, responsibility is removed from the sinner and laid upon the intermediary, so that Christly influence is not shed upon the individual, is not expected, is not enjoyed. Men pay a parson or a priest to look after their spiritual welfare, and if it is not looked after the individual blames the agent and feels that the agent, and not himself, should be punished if the business has not been properly attended to. The result is the same in both the Catholic and Protestant churches. Religion has become an affair to be attended to by an attorney. The Catholic confesses to the priest and concerns himself no more about his sin. He pays for masses, helps build churches, subscribes to sodalities and feels that he has done his share; the priest must attend to the rest. Protestants are imitating this. They help build churches, pay preachers, subscribe to home and foreign missions and feel that they have fulfilled all their obligations; the preacher must look after the balance. Thus it is in modern times that Protestants are getting so far away from God and true godliness. In olden days the Protestant father and mother read the Bible to the children in the morning, read it again in the evening, family prayers and a pure example afforded the little ones an opportunity of acquiring scriptural knowledge and spiritual understanding. Parents are becoming too indolent for this. They want the school-teacher to read the Bible to the children on week days, depend upon the Sunday-school teacher on Sundays, look to the parson for general guidance, and thus neglect the duties which formerly were considered imperative. The preacher, too, wants to simplify his duties. He does not want to be responsible for the spiritual education of the rising generation; he would like the school teacher to attend to it. The government examinations do not contain and can not contain any inquiry into the scriptural or spiritual understanding of applicants for certificates, and we see the whole of needed religious training falling into the hands of men and women not necessarily religious, who in fact are not religious except in a very perfunctory sense. Do Protestants imagine for a moment that this is relieving them of their responsibility? If their children grow up godless and ignorant of the Scriptures, will they be forgiven because the school teacher has neglected the duties they have forced upon him? Do they believe Scripture reading and family prayer having been neglected, that they shall stand blameless at the judgment seat, because the Minister of Education has not forced the school master to attend to something that is no part of his duties? Do the parsons who meet in conventions and ministerial associations imagine that they will be relieved of responsibility because they have advocated religious teaching in the schools that their work may become easier? What is this but the old papistical idea that a certain set of people should be set apart to look after the spiritual welfare of the world. Nothing so plainly indicates the decay of the true spirit of Protestantism as the desire to relegate the duty of parent and pastor to the public school teacher. It is more distinctly a departure from the old belief than even the modern tendency of mankind to save his soul by subscriptions to churches, charities and missionary boards. It is this tendency which is leading men away from personal godliness, and increasing the unreasoning and unreasonable belief that religion should be made a legal affair, a part of the law, and that those who advocate such measures are laying up treasure for themselves in heaven which will answer them instead of an observance of God's law and Christ's teaching.

***

We are continually lamenting the decay of those high moral attributes which, coupled with many ignorant tendencies towards fanaticism, made the Puritan and religious reformers of the olden days noticeable. Marriage is held less sacred, the ties of home are less regarded, pure lives are less frequent, and we lay the blame on loose marriage laws, easy divorces, sensational literature, playgoing, dancing, etc. Are these things the cause or the result? Do we not find the absence of personal godliness the rule rather than the exception? Is it not a fact that we are letting the priests and pastors have a monopoly of religion? Are we not leaving everything religious in their hands? How few sacred duties do we attend to ourselves? Is it not a fact that we have a family doctor, a family lawyer, a family preacher and leave our business in life alone as thoroughly as we leave the cooking to the cook and the care of the horses to the manservant? We are trying to cure drunkenness by prohibition, instead of teaching and learning self-sacrifice and temperate habits. We want the devil chained up by law so that it won't be so hard to be good. We are anxious to make it still easier for ourselves by deputizing another to be good for us and so on through every virtue, through every duty, through every object of life, we want to be babied and dandled and fanned and rocked by a religious mammy or spiritual wet-nurse. It is well enough to remove temptation, but if God had not intended temptation to be with us he would have killed the serpent before he got Eve into trouble and would have separated her from Adam before she could tempt him. The bane of the religious tendencies of to-day is this proxy business, the outgrowth of individual laziness, corruption and disregard of duty.

***

John Charlton was choked off in the House of Commons on Tuesday by one of those tricks for which Sir John is noted. Mr. Charlton had to catch the eye of the Speaker at a certain point or else lose the chance of moving his resolution that the legality of the Jesuits' Estates Bill be tested at the Dominion's expense. Of course the Premier had it fixed so that the Speaker's eye was as hard to catch as a humming bird, and, as the member for Norfolk remarked, he did not succeed in catching "anything but the Speaker's back." It is out another evidence that the policy of the present administration is far separated from a desire to do anything save that which will perpetuate them in power. I do not believe that the general knowledge that the Opposition are as deep in the mud as Sir John is in the mire will save the present government from strong condemnation by the people. No great question can be killed by the Speaker's eye being averted from an applicant for justice. Justice is not in the custody of any Speaker or Deputy Speaker, any Government or faction; it is in the hearts of the people, and when the people are appealed to, unless memory has grown shorter in these days of apathy and political abasement, the speakers who clamor for an adjustment of this question will catch the eye of the elector, even if John Charlton could not catch the eye of the Speaker.

***

A remarkable instance of senatorial independence is seen in the rejection of the Harvey and Salisbury Short Line measure. It had no business to pass the House, and for once the Senate did a proper thing and threw it out. Whether all this was arranged beforehand by the Government we cannot tell. The country is satisfied with the result. A little further display of independence and patriotism on the part of the Senate would do much to quiet the present agitation for its abolition or re-organization.

***

It is to be hoped that some arrangement for burying the wires will be arrived at before the Jarvis street improvements are under way. I notice that it is proposed to have underground conduits in the business portion of the city first, but in view of the changes likely to be made on Jarvis street, operations should begin there.

***

The tearing down of British flags in New York by some Boston nincompoops who thought they were emulating the example of their forefathers who tossed British tea overboard, has prevented Canadians from sympathizing with their Yankee neighbors in their centennial of Washington's first inaugural. It recalls a period which is by no means pleasant to the memory of the Britisher, but history has proven that the rebels of that day were in the right, and it is within the observation of those now living that the republic of America has wrought great deeds for liberty, and has had an enormous influence on the governments of the world. While as Canadians we are utterly and irrevocably opposed to annexation or the losing of our own nationality, there is no sacrifice of dignity in giving honor to the young nation which has grown to such wonderful proportions at our side. That Washington was a man who deserves to be loved and revered by his countrymen, that he did much towards making the policy of his country what it was and what it has become, that he was the "father of his country," the friend of liberty and a conspicuous figure on the pages of history, we can confess without meanly desiring to share in all this honor or being suspected of wishing to obtain a part in that against which our forefathers fought. If the magnificent centennial celebrations in the United States will recall the American people to the simplicity and purity of the times which are now a hundred years in the past, it will be a noticeable episode for which we as Canadians and the world at large will have reason to be thankful. With age and power the policy of the American government has not grown in purity or progressiveness. Pandering to the baser elements, sacrifice of dignity, a demagoguery which has more to do with the shaping of administrations than a love of righteousness has separated by a great gulf the time of Washington and the presidency of the second Harrison, and yet we must admit that the American people are great in many other respects, that the few millions who achieved their liberty over a hundred years ago have assimilated many, many millions of the worst exiles of Europe and retained to a great extent the spirit, as well as the form of government, which the fathers of the Union endeavored to make—a kingdom without a king.

***

While the world sometimes hints that the United States has within itself elements which are dangerous to the permanency of the republic, yet it is generally believed that it will be firm and lasting. Such cannot be said of the French republic, the history of which is marked by many bloody revolutions, by continual turmoil, which even now has to resort to the expulsion of a military whiffet like Boulanger. If a popular leader were expelled from the United States it would make him and his cause invincible. If the absence of an agitator from France brings peace, what are we to think of a sentiment which has no deeper foundation than this? How low we must rate a people who follow men instead of principles, and are always ready to barricade the streets at the call of some gaudily uniformed demagogue who has achieved notoriety without exhibiting patriotism or demonstrating ability.

DON.

Society.

Mr. Edin Heward of Peter street is in England. His departure was at very short notice and was a surprise to his many friends. Mr. Heward's mission is said to have been an eminently successful one.

It is not often that the wedding tour of a trans-Atlantic bride and bridegroom brings them as far as Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Janner of London, England, were in town for a few days last week, and left on Saturday for the Pacific coast. Mr. Jenner is a son of Sir William Jenner, the famous London doctor and chief physician to Her Majesty.

Captain Gilpin Browne and Mr. Beatty, jr., the eldest son of Mr. A. H. Beatty of the Queen's Park, have left on a journey which includes the grand tour round the world, and prolonged stays in Australia and Europe, and which will probably occupy the next three years. Mr. Beatty has been in the North-West for some time, but Captain Gilpin Browne has been a frequent visitor to Toronto during the last few years. As General Roberts' aide-de-camp, on the famous march to Candahar, Captain Browne is said to have greatly distinguished himself.

The spring meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club, of which the chief day is May 24, promises to be a much greater event this year than ever before. An increase in the added money and other causes has produced an unusually large list of entries. The presence of the Governor-General and his staff is expected, and, most important of all, instead of two bookmakers, we are to have five or six, so that sporting gentlemen who wish to back their fancies, will be able to obtain something more like decent odds about them. Last year for one race of about ten starters the bookmakers' quoted odds were on the two favorites and only even money about a third horse. This speaks for itself and was a disgrace to the course. Several parties to run four-in-hand to the Woodbine have already been made up, given only a fine day there will be plenty of smart turnouts.

Mr. James Thornton of Philadelphia, Pa., was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carey, late of Germany, but who are now residents of Montreal, spent Saturday and Sunday last here on their way for a trip to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden, late of Sherbrooke, Que., are staying with Mrs. Whitney on Wellesley crescent. Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden leave for a few months in England early in June.

Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, who has gone to England to escape the most disagreeable part of a Canadian winter, is expected back at the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson of Richmond, Que., have been staying with relatives in Toronto.

Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville was in town for a few days last week.

A wedding, in which society will be greatly interested, and for which rumor has often fixed a date, will take place at the Cathedral in September.

On Wednesday afternoon the fashionable church of St. George's was crowded, chiefly with fair women, on the occasion of the very pretty and popular wedding of Mr. Eber B. Ward, son of Mrs. Alex. Cameron and of the late Capt. Ward of Detroit, and Miss Eudie Hugel, daughter of Baron von Hugel of Port Hope. The service was choral, and was conducted by Rev. J. D. Cayley, rector of St. George's. The bride looked handsome in a charming traveling costume of fawn color and white, with oriental trimming and a large directoire hat to match. She was assisted by Miss Katie Torrance, a granddaughter of Mrs. Cameron, a pretty little girl, who looked quaintly charming in a directoire costume of white brocade, and a broad-brimmed, cream-white hat, trimmed with feathers. She carried a small shepherd's crook, tastefully decked with pale, green ribbon. Mrs. Alex. Cameron wore a handsome costume of Reseda silk, with panels of cream moire, embroidered in green and silver, with bonnet to match. Capt. Gamble Geddes officiated as groomsman, while Mr. Melfort Boulton and Mr. L. A. Tilley acted as ushers.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, at the corner of Church and Carlton streets, from 3 to 5 p.m. The spacious residence was aglow with the dazzling profusion of flowers and rare exotics strewn about in every available spot. Each mantel and recess was a bank of fragrant roses, carnations and calla lilies. The reception was largely attended and among the invited guests, most of whom were present, were: Sir Daniel Wilson and Miss Wilson, Sir Adam Wilson and Lady Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Chestnut Park, Mr. and Mr. W. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot and Miss Proudfoot, Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Osler, Hon. Mr. Justice Mac-Mahon, Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Rev. John and Mrs. Cayley, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward and Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Torrance, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon, Mrs. Small and the Misses Small, Provost and Mrs. Body, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Miss Williams, Mr. and the Misses Hugel, Mrs. Read, Miss Seymour and Miss Fraser of Port Hope, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, Mrs. Hilliard Cameron, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Cassels, Miss Constance Prince of the Park Farm, Sandwich; Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. G. W. Yarker, Mrs. and the Misses Strachan, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bethune and Miss Bethune, Dr. and Miss Snelling, Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. John Hoskin, Q.C., and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. John Bain, Mr. and Mrs. John Lyon of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lyon of Ludington, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Col. and Mrs. Dawson and Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Stearns of Michigan, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, ex-Ald. Walker and Miss Walker, Mr. O. A. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. James Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, and Miss Dewar of Hamilton.

The presents were, as may be imagined, most costly, and acknowledged to exceed in beauty and value any that have been given to a bride in Toronto. Chief of all was a check for $25,000 from Mr. Ward to his wife and a $5,000 check from Mr. Ward's mother.

The bride and bridegroom departed Wednesday evening to New York, where they will spend a few weeks previous to their departure for England and the continent, where their honeymoon will be spent.

The Kirmess ball will long be remembered as an eventful one in Toronto because of Miss Campbell's reappearance in the world of Terpsichore. This is the first large dance that she has attended in Toronto since her illness last year, and her appearance was welcomed with delight by everyone, especially as it was noticed that she was looking so well that there was no apparent danger of her returning to invalidism.

The ball in every way was a success, and the beautiful decorations on the platform excited admiration. Amongst other well-known faces I saw were Miss Mabel Heward, who came in from a dinner party, and so was not in her Kirmess costume; the Misses Boulton, Miss Allie Howard, who looked piquante as a quaint shepherdess; Miss Dawson, in a very pretty gown; the two fair Misses Dixon, Miss Scott, Miss Hoskins, Miss H. M. Mill, whose dancing was much admired, pretty little Miss Jarvis, Miss Bunting, Miss Frances, who wore her Spanish costume and looked bewitching, Miss Lena Smith, Mrs. Galbraith in a pretty dress, Miss Parsons, Miss Louise Weatherstone, Miss Parsons, the Misses Maule, and Miss Patterson.

Great credit is due to the managing committee for the success of the evening as the ball was only thought of on Monday evening, and so the time for getting it up was necessarily limited. Some disappointment was felt that the most charming gypsy of the Kirmess should have been absent from the ball. However, there were a goodly array of fair fortune-tellers present.

Our list of those going to Europe this season

(Continued on Page Three.)

IMMENSE SUCCESS
LINDSAY LENNOX'S GRAND SONG
Love's Golden Dream
The average sale of this song in London exceed 2,500 copies weekly. Its success is almost unprecedented. It is sung by Sims Reeves, Marie Roze and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it. All like it.
PRICE 40 CTS.—IN KEYS TO SUIT ALL VOICES.
LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM WALTZ
By Theo. Bonheur. Beautifully Illustrated. Price 75c.
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association
13 Richmond Street West, Toronto
Catalogues free on application

HIGH GRADE WATCHES

NO INFERIOR
Imported watches. Every watch examined and tested by me personally.
E. BEETON
High Grade Watch Specialist
OPP. POST OFFICE.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKERS
112 KING STREET WEST
This famous house is unrivalled in Toronto for the Select Style, Variety, Beauty and Novelty of its Goods.
For strictly moderate charges it cannot be surpassed.

Bilton Bros.
Tailors and Furnishers
Have received their Spring and Summer
HALF HOSE
AND
UNDERWEAR
Good Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices
A beautiful lot of
WELCH, MARGETSON & CO'S
SCARFS
IN STOCK
69 King Street West

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing a choice and varied assortment of
New Millinery Goods
To which inspection is invited.
The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

NEW GLOVES
WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan
2 Button, Embroidered Back
At 75c., $1.10 and $1.75 per pair
Fownes' Best Gloves
In Dress, Walking and Driving
WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

SPRING 1889
French Millinery Emporium, 43 King St. West.
(Opp. Mail Office, first floor)
We will be prepared on and after the 12th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.
(Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block.)

TRADE MARK
W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American
WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

increases every week. Muskoka will be deserted by the *haut noblesse* this year and the Island a desert. Across the line the rush to see the French Exhibition is tremendous and hotelkeepers at Long Branch, Saratoga and all the fashionable American watering places are in despair. Those who cannot afford to cross the herring pond will stay in their town houses and pretend they have gone.

•

Miss Dyne of Huron street gave a pleasant little At Home to several friends last Monday.

•

Mr. Morton, the gentle-voiced shouter at the Kirmess, was present at the ball.

•

Last Tuesday Mr. H. W. Fitton of the Bank of Commerce was married to Miss L. Denny of Wellington place. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father. Only members of the family were present. The gifts, from the many friends of the bride and groom, were numerous and costly, and the happy pair left for New York by the afternoon train. Mr. Fitton, who is most deservedly popular in Toronto, is to be congratulated on his happy choice. The bride looked charming in a traveling costume of *vert cevraisse*.

•

At the wedding of Miss Eudie Hugel and Mr. E. B. Ward, it was generally allowed that, with the exception, of course, of the fair bride, Mrs. Torrance's little girl was the belle of the day. This very small beauty promises to be a society queen in the future.

•

We ought to mention that Miss Fisken of Rosedale was one of the hardest workers at the Kirmess. With the assistance of Mr. Reid she edited the *Kirmessenger*, and toiled early and late in so doing.

•

A most successful At Home was held last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the St. Matthias' Church Young People's Association, at the residence of Rev. F. G. Plummer, corner Euclid avenue and Robinson street, where an enjoyable evening was spent with songs and recitations.

•

St. Augustine's Church was the scene of a fashionable gathering on Tuesday evening, 30th ult., to witness the nuptials of Dr. Norman Allen, with Miss Alice Louisa Martin, second daughter of Dr. C. E. Martin of Carlton street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Rural Dean Allen of Millbrook (father of the groom), assisted by Rev. G. J. Taylor of Toronto. The bride was attired in a costume of queen satin and moire. The bridesmaids looked bewitching in directoire gowns. They were Miss Tweedie of Dresden, Ont., Miss Fuller of Toronto, Miss Lily McMillan of Oshawa, and Miss Ethel Martin, sister of the bride. The groomsmen were Mr. Herbert Ketchum, Dr. E H. Greene, Mr. Walter Allen of Millbrook, brother of the groom, and Mr. J. W. Coe. Amongst the guests were Prof. and Mrs Hirschfelder, Dr. and Mrs. Sheard, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Close, Dr. A. J. Geikie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Dr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Hon. S. C. and Mrs. Wood, and others. After the ceremony a reception was held at Dr. Martin's residence on Carlton street, after which the happy couple left on their wedding tour by the eastern train at 11.30 p.m. They will visit Italy and Switzerland, and take in the Paris Exposition *en route*.

•

Yesterday was observed as Arbor Day by the schools throughout the province. At the Normal and Model Schools here the day's programme was opened in the theater of the Education Department by songs sung by Normal School students, Model School pupils, and Kindergarten children. In the grounds the programme was as follows: An oak, planted for Education Department, by Miss Marjorie Campbell; a maple, planted for girls of Model School, by Mrs. Mowat; a maple, planted for teachers of Girls' Model School, by Mrs. Clark; an elm, planted for Kindergarten children, by Miss Wilson; an ash, planted for the Normal School, by Mrs. Allen; an elm, planted for the boys of the Model School, by Mrs. MacVicar; a catalpa speciosa, planted for the teachers of the Boys' Model School, by Mrs. Ross. An afternoon tea in the Kindergarten room wound up what, to all engaged, was a very happy day.

•

A concert, under the auspices of the Christian Workers' Literary Association, was held in the Presbyterian Church, Deer Park, on Tuesday last, when a programme of considerable merit was presented. The songs of Misses Russell, Severs and Morson, and Messrs. Harry Jarvis and Dimmock were much appreciated, as also was the violin solo by Miss Geikie. The recitations of Miss Weatherston and Messrs. Grant Stewart and Paul Jarvis provoked the mirth of the audience and gave pleasing variety to the programme. At the conclusion a vote of thanks was passed to the performers and Mrs. Burnside, who had been instrumental in making the concert a success.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Belden arrived home from their winter trip to California on Saturday last.

Mr. Herbert Sheppard, treasurer of the Grand Opera House, left Wednesday on a trip to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

A pretty and novel invitation card was that issued by The Combination, of which Prof. S. M. Early is secretary, for their first At Home in Shaftesbury Hall on Friday, April 26. A pleasant evening was spent.

A very enjoyable and much appreciated entertainment and tea was given by the Misses Moore assisted by Miss J. E Barnett to over forty-five children—mostly of the poorer class—at their home in Wilton Crescent last Thursday.

His many friends will be glad to welcome home Mr. Philips Thompson from "his voyage o'er the sea." Mr. Thompson, who is perhaps more widely known by his former pen name of Jimuel Briggs, has spent the past year in England and Scotland from which places he contributed many excellent letters to the *Globe*.

On April 25, at St. Mary's Church, Toronto, William V. Lynch, M.D., of Lindsay, was married to Miss Maggie McQuirk, organist and leading soprano of St. Mary's choir. The ceremony was performed by Bishop O'Connor. The choir was present and sang during the nuptial mass which followed the ceremony. The bride wore cream satin, veil and orange blossoms. She was assisted by Miss Minnie O'Connor, who wore a directoire gown of white nun's veiling. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Maurice D. Lynch of Belleville.

Is Chivalry Still Possible?

Mr. Robert Buchanan, replying to an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he complains strongly that he was classed with "merely destructive critics, incapable of enthusiasm for anything contemporary," goes back to his "modern young men." "One of my strongest contentions against the Modern Young Man as Critic—against, in other words, the average half-educated, semi-cultivated, small pessimist of the present generation—is that, thanks to him and his, chivalry is fast becoming forgotten; that the old faith in the purity of womanhood, which once made men heroic, is being fast exchanged for an utter disbelief in all feminine ideals whatsoever; and that women, in their turn, in their certainty of the contempt of men, are spiritually deteriorating. Every day, in every club-room, we are told by men of the world that there is practically no such thing as 'seduction,' and that the hideous nightmare which haunts our civilization is really born out of the folly and the depravity of its womankind. So that, it would seem the only way to deal with the Abominable is to put it under the control of the guardians of the peace, and, while accepting its necessity, to take care that it does not trouble our social comfort. So far from having the Abominable hushed up and well regulated, I would have it flaunted publicly, in all its hideousness, till the real truth is understood—that it is a creation of the filth of man's heart, and that the class called 'fallen' is practically a class of martyrs. Heaven knows I am not writing as a would-be moralist and Pharisee; Heaven knows I am not blind to my own or my brother's infirmity! But when the pessimist postulates firstly, with Swedenborg, that this human sacrifice is a necessity, and secondly, that women as a class wilfully and cheerfully sacrifice themselves, I know out of my own experience that he is uttering a lie!

"We have consistently degraded women. From generation to generation we have denied them their rights and privileges. We have asserted that their only function is parasitic, their best qualities less intellectual than instructive. But hitherto, while complacently admitting their inferiority, we have believed in their moral influence, in their divine sympathy. Now at last—while Jack the Ripper, in Whitechapel, desecrates and destroys the bodily manhood—his kinsman, the pessimist of to-day, pollutes the tabernacle of woman's soul. He frankly despises, and persistently depreciates, what was once a temple where all strong men, all men who were sons, husbands, or fathers, might meet and pray. There is, he says, no seduction. Women minister, for the most part cheerfully, to our vanities and our pleasures. Antigones, Cordelias, Rosalinds, Imogens, Eugenie Grandets, are the mere dream of poets. A popular dramatist thinks he touches the quick of the question by making comic capital of Women's Rights. Popular poets and novelists swarm the bagnios of literature with monsters, which they label studies of women. Certain of contempt, certain of misconception, women at last throw off their lendings, and become what men make them. The Rose of Juvenal repeats itself in the London of to-day.

"This question is far too broad and world-embracing to be discussed in a newspaper letter. Some good may be done, however, by asking if it is not possible, in the face of the grievous social peril—the threatened Loss of a Feminine Ideal—for some few men, knights errant in the modern sense, but full of the old faith, the old enthusiasm, to remind the world, in the very teeth of modern pessimists, of what woman has been to the world, and of what she may yet become; to keep intact for our civilization the living belief which sanctified a Madonna and a Magdalen; to protect the helpless, to sympathize with the unfortunate, and above all, despite the familiar sneer of the worldling and the coarse laugh of the sensualist, to reverse the familiar adage now and then, and read it *cherchez l'Homme!*"

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

Fresh Blood Needed.

An editor in Western Australia says: "The people in this region have become so well-behaved that it is impossible for us to make an interesting daily paper. We hear that a ship-load of convicts is on the way to our virtuous port, and we look for greater activity in our local news department as soon as the passengers shall get fairly ashore."

They Were Real Snakes.

Mr. Rambo (at dime museum in great alarm)—Nancy, do you see anything in that cage near the monkeys?

Mrs. Rambo—Yes, there's a lot of snakes.

Mr. Rambo (with recovered self-possession)—So they are. Fine specimens, too, aren't they?

Influence of Trifling Incidents.

The poet says:

Large streams from little fountains flow:
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Important events are certainly often occasioned by incidents seemingly of no moment, as witness the following:

Lord Lonsdale, Keeper of the Seal to William III. of England, was extremely dissipated in his youth, to the great trouble of his grand-uncle, old Sir John Lowther, who was very wealthy, and meant to make him his heir. So annoyed was the old gentleman, however, at the stories continually circulated respecting the extravagance of his nephew that he took a journey up to London for the purpose of altering his will in favor of other relatives. While there, Lonsdale used to call upon him every day to pay his respects. Sir John always smoked of an evening, and, on one occasion, having asked his nephew for a piece of paper to light his pipe, the latter drew from his pocket a letter, and, tearing off the blank half of it, rolled it up to make a lighter, carefully extinguishing it and putting it away upon the mantelpiece when his uncle had got his pipe alight.

This little touch of economy was not lost upon Sir John, who saw that his nephew possessed a natural inclination for order and "making the most of things," from which a good crop might be expected after the harvest of wild oats. And so the old gentleman did not alter his will; nor, as it turned out, could his fortune have fallen into better hands than those of the once dissipated nephew.

The Palace Novelty Emporium
(Late QUA & CO.)
49 KING ST. WEST
FOR
TOYS, GAMES, BOOKS, STATIONERY
FANCY GOODS, DOLLS,
Cabs, Express Waggons, Velocipedes
Tricycles and Bicycles
BASE BALL GOODS IN ALL BRANCHES

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Car ler Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FINE Shoes. L. A. Stackhouse, Dealer in American Boots, Shoes and Slippers. Just received: All the latest spring styles. For style, fit and wear they cannot be beat. It will pay you to see them before buying elsewhere. Remember we warrant these goods. Call and see them at American Shoe Store, 87 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ISLAND OWNERS MUSKOKA
EXCURSION TICKETS AS USUAL
Steamers are now running.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

FANCY GROCERIES
In the above department we think ourselves safe in assuming that we carry the largest stock and best assortment of FINE GOODS in this city.
SALMON, SARDINES and LOBSTERS—the best brands only. PATI-DE-FOIE-GROS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, ANCHOVIES, in oil, etc. A full line of POTTED MEATS, GAME and SOUPS, from Crosse & Blackwell, Gilmour & Libby, Mclvel & Co. PICKLES, SAUCES, CATSUPS and RELISHES of every description from the best producers only.
SHAVER
THE DIRECT IMPORTER
Telephone 1890. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

EASTER CARDS
Choice Line of New Designs in Leaflets, Art Books and Cards; also Prang's Satin Mounts.
New Books and Magazines Received Daily
F. W. NYE & CO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
137 King st. West, Toronto

FRENCH CLEANING
Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Kid Gloves, Kid Boots, Slippers, &c., beau fully cleaned at the only strictly first-class house in the city.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
103 King Street West
Goods sent for and delivered. Telephone 1258.

THE FASHIONABLE HAIR STORE

Armand's New Pompadour Fashion is a decided success and has obtained the greatest satisfaction to so many ladies who have already adopted it. It differs entirely from the regular bangs, is very light and elegant looking. Armand's hair at Back Coiffure is also very stylish and elegant. Price of both styles $4.50 each. All other styles of Bangs sold at cost price. Long Hair Switches Waves, Wigs, etc. Hair Ornaments in Real Amber, and Fashionable Fine Cut Steel Combs and Pins.
Armand's Fashionable Hair Store
407 YONGE STREET 407
Close to Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

LUXURIANT GROWTHS OF HAIR

Are seen on the heads of all who use Dr. Dorenwend's
Great German Hair Magic
The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing Restorer for Gray Hair. It stops and prevents all Falling Out of the Hair. It Removes all Dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just as good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature.
A. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

SPRING 1889

MISS A. STEVENS
FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY
ESTABLISHMENT
251 Yonge Street
TORONTO

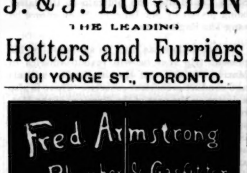
W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods of every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET. TORONTO

JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto
TALLY HO! THERE THEY GO!
We have just received one case each of Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.
GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS
Our stock in Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unequalled
LADIES WILL NOTE

We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS
99 Yonge Street - - TORONTO

J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

SEE ALEXANDER'S
NEW HATS
The Finest Goods
THE
MOST ARTISTIC SHAPES
Ever Shown in Toronto
Qualities unsurpassed, and prices 25 per cent. less than down town houses.
ALEXANDER
The West End Hatter
QUEEN ST. and DENISON AVE.



THE MAGIC SCALE
Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.
HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

Special for Next 10 Days
H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 YONGE STREET
HAVE PURCHASED A SHIPMENT OF
Stylish Street Jackets and Spring Wraps
Which, having been stopped in transit and bought at a big discount for cash, will be sold
AT EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES
The above lot contains a choice assortment of JET VISITES, from $3.50 up; BLACK SILK WRAPS, handsomely embroidered with Braid and trimmed with Lace; also BLACK and COLORED STREET JACKETS in great variety. NOTE—A handsome BLACK STREET JACKET (vest front) at $2 50. As well as a fine assortment of
SUMMER SILKS
25 pieces at 50c., worth 75c, 25 pieces at 75c, worth $1.25.
The Success of the Season
Are our Parisian Border and Combination Suitings, Henrietta Cloths, French Printed Delaines and Cashmeres, Trimmings, Girdles, Buttons, Braids, &c., to match.
PRINTS, CHAMBRAYS, SATEENS—All the latest French colorings and effects.
PARASOLS, in every variety of color, design and price.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to the readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.
TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. II] TORONTO, MAY 4, 1889. [No. 25

Is Chiva'ry Still Possible?

An English journal has started the question is chivalry still possible? Many appear to think that the commercial system and the complex social organization of our times entail a negative answer to the question. If we attempted an answer we should say that chivalry in the best and fullest sense of the word is just as possible and just as prevalent as ever it was. What was generally called chivalry in the middle ages was largely the product of the invention of romance writers and troubadours, and what really existed was mainly conventional, consisting of exaggerated courtesy towards superiors or equals and a haughty demeanor towards inferiors. Chivalry in the true sense of the word—devotion to the cause of the weak and the oppressed, regardless of condition—was just as uncommon then as it is now. It was all very fine to set out in quest of an imaginary "Holy Grail," or on a mission of rescuing distressed maidens from impossible dragons or giants, but supposing that any Sir Lancelot or Galahad had undertaken to rescue a female serf from the lord of the manor? Even if he succeeded he would have been laughed at as a fool for his pains. Just so with our modern knights errant. Most of them take mighty good care not to go a-crusading except in a popular cause. They make a great show of devoting their lives and substance to the advocacy of this or that movement, of wishing to succor the oppressed and strike for the right, etc.; but most of them make pretty shrewd calculations as to how the wind of popular sentiment sets before they set lance in rest. Nevertheless, chivalry of the true sort is possible; but it demands a degree of self-sacrifice, courage and indifference to "the brute world's howling" such as very few in any age have possessed.

The Business Aspect of Domestic Service.

The servant girl question appears as far from solution as ever. There are never-ending complaints on the part of housekeepers as to the difficulty of finding good, well trained girls at any price; and the servants, whenever they get a chance of ventilating their grievances, appear far from satisfied with their lot. It is admitted on all hands that the old status of domestic service has completely altered—that there are no longer those bonds of kindliness and old associations between the parties, which formerly existed as a sort of relic of feudalism. The relation is now simply one of contract, like that between buyer and seller—so much service for so much money. This being the case, both parties to the bargain would save themselves a deal of trouble if their relations were clearly put upon a strict business basis. It is impossible ever to restore the semi-feudal character of domestic service even were it desirable, but somehow the distinctly commercial nature of the matter does not yet seem to have impressed either mistresses or maids. They don't look upon it as a pure business relationship. The terms of the contract are left loose and undefined. Nobody would make any other kind of agreement involving a cash payment for value received, leaving so many loose ends and so much to settle afterwards on the principle of "give and take"—as is habitually done in hiring a servant. We have heard of cases in which employers have got very indignant when servants wanting to engage with them have made minute inquiries as to their accommodations and privileges. This was unreasonable—these things are part of a servant's wages just as much as the cash payment. A thorough understanding in advance as to duties and privileges and all that will be expected on either side would do much to lessen the subsequent friction. Nothing more than is absolutely necessary ought to be left to after-arrangement, and sentimental considerations should be put aside altogether along with the antiquated notion that a contract for service is somehow different from all ordinary business agreements. If kindly feelings afterwards spring up and something of the old relation as portrayed in novels develops itself between the parties, so much the better. But in this hard, mercenary age it is not to be commonly looked for any more than the deference and docility which have vanished with the growth of democratic feeling. If people would only realize the entire and sweeping change of condition which has made the ideal servant of the novelists a complete anachronism and cease to expect the impossible, domestic service could easily be put upon a satisfactory basis in accordance with modern commercial conditions.

Unless children can be brought to feel that they have been in the wrong they should not even be allowed to say so. No good can ever come to child or man by insincerity. But when once convinced of error—when confession to self has been made—then confession to the one who has been wronged is a debt which justice demands, and which magnanimity will hasten to pay. Very often it is the only reparation that it is possible to make.

The responsibilities of life are gauged not by what we are, but by what we may become. The man who has ventured only to the limits of his conscious force has only reached the threshold of his possible attainments.

MUSIC

The first appearance of the Conservatory String Quartette Club at Association Hall on Monday evening, did not draw forth as large an audience as the merits of such a concert deserved. When the old Toronto String Quartette was first formed some five years ago, its first performances were poorly attended, but under good management they grew in interest, and finally were very popular, though appealing to a comparatively small constituency. That the new quartette may have similar good fortune eventually is to be hoped, as the class of music that they present is unusually interesting, and is of great value to music students of whom, however, there were not as many present as should have been the case, considering the great advantages to be derived from the illustrations of musical form and composition offered by these quartettes. The audience was composed of enthusiasts, who were warm and hearty in their expressions of approval of the work of the quartette, as well as of the soloists who took part.

*

The quartettes played were op. 12 in E flat by Mendelssohn, the second composed by him; and Haydn's op. 76, one of a set of eighteen composed by him in 1796. The playing of the quartette was distinguished by a very strong appreciation of the requirements of ensemble playing, the performers being most commendable in the degree of self effacement so necessary in this work. While it is obviously impossible to expect that four gentlemen who have their professional duties to attend to should be able to secure an ideal performance in a short time, their playing was so uniformly good that it is only just to anticipate that the future performances of the quartette will show the improvement which only come from constant playing together, especially as they show a good conception of the *nuances* of chamber music. Especially enjoyable were the Moszkowski serenade and Pessard's minuet, two pretty and sparkling numbers. Especially good was the De Beriot Trio, played by Mme. Boucher, Mons. Boucher and Mr. Dinelli, in which the lady lent valuable assistance.

*

Mons. Boucher gave a good rendering of Sarasate's Danse Espagnole, and an especially good one of Ernst's Elegie, the cantabile passages of which he played with a beautiful tone and with artistic feeling. Mr. Dinelli played an Andante by Goltermann, and Dunkler's Chanson a Boire, the latter having quite a comic effect. Mr. Dinelli's tone is not very strong, but it is clear and pleasant, and he has a facile execution. Mrs. Shilton sang very acceptably, giving a good rendition of the Shadow Song from Dinorah, and in response to an encore she sang Protestations by Norris. Mr. Schuch sang Norman's Tower and Alla Stella Confidente, the obligato to the latter being played by Mr. Dinelli. As an encore he sang The Englishman.

*

Dr. von Bulow has been so successful on his present trip that he will revisit America in March, '90, and will then again give recitals and conduct orchestral concerts. There is also a desire on the part of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to engage him for the season of 1890-91, in the place of Seidl, which is, however, not likely to be carried out. All authorities are agreed that his visit has done an immense deal of good. Hundreds of students attended his recitals, score and pencil in hand, and marked their books with his rendering. His phrasing and conception are wonderful, and a revelation to the Americans, and the great heart and brain make his severest critics overlook occasional technical slips. Here is a pearl from his lips that every piano student should paste in his hat: I find that the greatest fault with pianists is that they do not learn to phrase properly. Every pianist should learn to sing and play the violin; then their ears would hear more critically the sounds they produce, and thereby teach them how to phrase. But the average pianist plays by sight only, and has no ears. He sees the keys and tries to execute correctly, but the sound he produces, and the effect of his work, is not apparent to him. My advice to young pianists—old ones won't take advice—is to cultivate their ears and strive to attain beauty and expression in what we term phrasing. It is the real beginning to greatness as a performer. What a boon it would be if we could secure a visit to Toronto from Von Bulow next year! It would stimulate music in every respect and in every branch.

*

I find that my reference to the string quintette about to be formed in Toronto, while in the main correct, was not so in one very important particular. It is Mr. Torrington who is to be the leader, not Mr. Jacobsen. It is intended occasionally to extend the operations of the quintette, and play septettes and octettes, for which purpose a flute, horn or clarionet will be added, according to the scoring of the work to be performed.

*

Next week is a gala week in music, commencing on Monday with the grand minstrel aggregation of the Queen's Own Rifles, numbering seventy artists in burnt cork, supported by an orchestra of twenty. Tuesday brings us Mr. Haslam's splendid chorus of one hundred voices, with Mrs. Wilson-Osman, Miss Laura Webster and Mr. Harry Field as soloists. On Wednesday there will be a concert in aid of St. Paul's R. C. Church, at which Mlle. Adele Strauss, Mrs. Netley, Mrs. McGann, Mr. Torrington, Mr. Schuch, and others will assist. The latter half of the week will be devoted to a period of rest in anticipation of the concerts which are announced for the following week.

*

Dr. Hans Guido von Bulow recently sent me his photograph and autograph, an honor which I highly appreciate. In the shape of his head, and in the eyes and features he much resembles our popular townsman Dr. John B. Hall, who, by the way, is a wonderfully good basso profundo. Dr. B.'s mustaches are not so exuberant as Dr. H.'s, otherwise one might easily be mistaken for the other. A couple of programmes enclosed me by Dr. von Bulow show the wonderful work done by this giant in music. On Thursday of last week he played the three last sonatas by Beethoven; the E major, op. 109; the A flat major, op. 110; and the C minor, op. 111. These were followed by a Chopin selection, embracing: Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, G major; Ballade, No. 1, op. 23, G minor; Scherzo, No. 4, op. 54, E major; Nocturne, op. 62, No. 1, B major; Allegro vivace (Impromptu No. 3), op. 51, G flat; Valse, op. 41; Berceuse, op. 57. Not a bad afternoon's work! On Thursday of this week he conducted at the Metropolitan Opera House Brahms' Tragic Overture, Haydn's B flat major symphony, Meyerbeer's overture to Struensee, Beethoven's Eroica symphony, and the Meistersinger overture.

METRONOME.

THE STAGE

The Grand Opera House was closed all this week until last night, when Annie Pixley opened a two nights' engagement in 22, Second Floor. Her performance came too late to be critically noticed in SATURDAY NIGHT this week.

*

The absence of an attraction at the Grand to a certain extent assisted business at the Toronto Opera House, where the so-called London Specialty Company has drawn big houses every night this week. It was announced with a flourish of trumpets, when the change in the local management of the "great circuit house" took place, that a better class of plays would be the result of the new management. This commendable change seems to hang fire somehow, if one may judge from the plays given here during the past few weeks. Those who know the list of cheap shows H. R. Jacobs keeps on his circuit of theaters will understand the reason.

*

The London Specialty Company gives a variety show which has some good features and many bad ones. One or two spicy attractions are thrown in to draw "the boys." Mr. W. H. Barber, a bicyclist, performs several interesting and skilful feats of balancing on the wheel. Miss Polly McDonald, who appeared on this stage in another company not many weeks ago, is a giddy young fairy, with a tendency to transparent black stockings and short skirts, which she kicks and flings about in the most hazardous fashion, to the immense delight of that part of the audience who care for that sort of thing. She dances a jig prettily and would be tolerable if she could be induced to keep her mouth shut. When she begins to warble all the women in the audience brace themselves to endure and the men take a fresh chew. The show bill announces Miss Georgie Blake as "the handsomest formed lady in the world." She first appears in a female military garb and sings (?) a song. Retiring to the wings for a moment, she sheds this suit, comes on in another fancy costume and again sings. Another retirement and she electrifies the audience in a garb which seems expressly constructed to give an opportunity for studying her handsome formation. I noticed a number of spectators leaving at this juncture, fearing doubtless that she might again retire and take off what was left of her clothing. Miss Blake's form may be all right, but her singing is several degrees worse than Miss McDonald's.

*

Miss Jutau and Mr. Chas. Williams performed cleverly on the trapeze. Mr. Layman's impersonation of celebrated men was wearying. The best parts of the show were those in which the performers did not speak. The jokes and singing were of the cheapest and stalest varieties—the cast off production of minstrel and comedy companies whose members have long since paid nature's debt and traveled that route on which there is no "circuit" or tie pass to New York.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mlle. Rhea is reported to have struck luck in the west. Some time since, on the advice of a friend, she bought land in Seattle, W. T., for $5,000, which is valued to-day at $50,000.

Somebody observed to the younger Charles Matthews that blind persons generally appear pretty contented, and then asked: "How can the blind be happy?" "I suppose," replied Charles, "they see no reason why they shouldn't." bee!

What a heap of idiots there must be in the world! Sara Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress, sleeps on a mattress which is composed entirely of the note paper on which the letters of her adorers were written.

Mr. William H. Crane, the comedian, in an interview with a *Mirror* reporter recently said: "I'm not going abroad this summer to the Paris Exposition. There will be too great a crowd there, and I've seen all the crowds I want to see for some time at the performances of The Henrietta this season. After the close of the engagement at the Star Theater, I shall go to London, Ont., to assist in the benefit to Mrs. Holman, with whom I started in the profession some twenty-six years ago, and then I shall go home to Cohasset for the summer."

When the Prince and Princess of Wales wish to go to the theater, notice is given to the manager, who prepares his largest box, or knocks two boxes into one for the royal party, and sets aside another box for their suite. If the boxes have already been sold, the persons purchasing are informed that they are wanted for royalty, and are requested to call and get their money back. Half a dozen programmes are printed on colored satin, a lot of bouquets are purchased for the ladies, and an immense amount of scarlet cloth is used in decorating the house. The manager receives the party personally. The raising of the curtain is delayed until the royal party is seated and the orchestra plays God Save the Queen. At intervals during the performance refreshments are sent up to the royal box. All this is at the expense of the management.

The latest criticism upon Hamlet promising the interest of novelty is that of the Rev. Dr. Teape, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Edinburgh, who then entered a theater for the first time. "All was well arranged," said Dr. Teape, "and everything that could be done to insure a good performance was done. Yet what was exhibited! Hamlet was acted! Vice of a revolting character, a son driven almost insane, a usurper, three people poisoned, and the dead lying about as one left the scene. It was horrible. Such a mode of influencing the public mind was thoroughly odious. Crime and vice were not made odious, on the contrary, they were surrounded by a halo of enchantment." Dr. Teape concluded that the Church must abjure and abhor the theater.

Some years ago when the brilliant Nat Childs was agent for Madame Janauschek, certain ungallant newspapers discussed the lady's age. One Albany paper went so far as to state positively that madame had passed her fiftieth mile post and gave as its authority the name of a popular encyclopedia which showed that she was born in Prague, Bohemia, in 1830. Janauschek happened to be playing in Albany at the time the article appeared in print and, as usual in such matters, some officious meddler called her attention to it. Of course she was indignant and she took the dismayed Childs to task for not preventing the publication, at the same time strenuously asserting that she was considerably younger than fifty years. Nat, remembering the old maxim, "Never argue with a woman," cut the conversation short by dryly saying: "Madame, you might as well be fifty as look it."

Speaking of the relative value of the billboard and newspaper for theatrical advertising the Philadelphia *Times* sagely observes: "It is generally conceded among advanced theatrical managers that the newspaper is at once the cheapest and the best method of reaching the great theater-going public. Such is the condition of Philadelphia at present that upon the principal streets there are no places for the bill-board and the lithograph. They must be exiled to the suburbs, where the theatrical patron never ventures and the small boy, who cannot read, unites with the equally illiterate goat, for their speedy destruction. An afternoon shower will erase the work of days, batter down the signs, blur the colors, and generally destroy the most ambitious bill-poster. The newspaper is, in truth, the only reliable means of theatrical, as it is of other advertisements. It is cheaper, farther reaching, and appeals to a better *clientele*, and the constant increase in the space occupied by the theater advertisements in the leading papers shows that this fact is understood." What is true of Philadelphia, in this connection, is true of every other important city.

The prompter occupies no mean place in the legendary lore of comic stage incidents. During a performance of La Chaussee's "Melanide" at Luneville, the actor who took the part of Darviam suffered from loss of memory to such an extent, that when he came to the declaration of his love, the prompter was obliged to recite the whole passage aloud. When he had done, Darviam, without being disconcerted in the least, turned to the actress and said: "Mademoiselle, as Monsieur has just been telling you, etc." . . . and polored to the prompter. You can readily imagine the hilarity of the pit at this display of coolness. Another actor in a similar situation, innocently remarked to the prompter, loud enough to be heard: "Silence! give me a little time for meditation. And to think I knew it so well this morning!" One of the leading actors at the Comedie Francaise stopped short in the middle of a tragedy, at this passage: "I was in Rome at the time . . ." He started two or three times, but could not remember the rest, do what he would. Perceiving that the prompter, either through his being flurried or inattentive, failed to help him out of the scrape, he exclaimed with dignity: "Well, you duffer, what was I doing in Rome?"

Two feminine celebrities are thus recalled in a private letter from an American tourist in Paris: "I was having my roll and coffee at a table in front of the Cafe de le Paix at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and enjoying the splendid concourse of equipages and the gorgeous panorama of promenaders that streamed in rivers of color along the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera. In a half hour I saw a hundred people whose faces are familiar on Broadway. One incident was decidedly entertaining to me. Two landaus, one going up the avenue, the other going down, passed each other directly in front of where I sat. I immediately recognized the occupants of each carriage. One was a most remarkable figure of a woman, with sleepy eyes, yellow hair and her mouth drawn down sharply at the corners. She held a lilac-colored parasol over her head, and she seemed dreaming of something miles away. But when her carriage passed the other one that I mentioned her sleepy eyes gave one quick sidelong gleam and rested on the woman sitting there. This woman was the handsomer of the two, and younger. Her face was as white as a white rose, her hair dark red, her eyes inexpressibly fine and dark. She was attired divinely. As she was whirled by she swept her long lashes downward with an air of proud disdain at the yellow-haired woman who was passing. I had to smile at this encounter of famous women, for I could well imagine what was going on in the mind of each. One was Sara Bernhardt, and the other beautiful Jane Hading."

An Ingenious Plea.

A colored man was sent to the penitentiary for thirty days. "Thirty days!" exclaimed Sambo. "Look heah, boss; you gib me thirty days las' Winter for the same 'fense, when de days was a heap shorter den dey is now. Ain't yer gwine to 'low de usual discount ob de signs in de zodiackle?" I npressed with the force of his argument, the court amended the sentence to twenty days.

He Started Too.

Miss Britely—Do you like pork chops for breakfast, Mr. Nevergo?

Mr. Nevergo—Pork chops? Oh, ah, yes; much indeed.

Miss Britely—If you'll excuse me a moment I'll tell mamma to get some. I think I hear her starting to market.

On Diverse Strings

The Huskin' Bee.

The huskin' bee was over, es the sun was go'n' down
In a yaller blaze o' glory jist behind the maples brown,
The gals was gittin' ready 'n the boys was standin' by,
To hitch on what they wanted to, or know the reason why.

Of all the gals what set arous' the pile of corn thet day,
A-twistin' off the rustlin' husks es if 'twas only p'ay,
The peartest one of all the lot—'n they was pooty, too—
Wuz Zury Hess, whose l-ifle' eyes cud look ye th-ough and through.

Now it happened little Zury found a red ear in the pile,
Afore we finished huskin', 'n ye orter seen her smile,
Fur, o' course, she held the privelege, if she wud only dare
To choose the feller she liked best 'n kiss him then 'n there

My! how we puckered up our lips 'n tried to look our best,
Each feller wished he'd be the one picked out from all the rest,
'Till Zury, arter hangin' back a leetle spe'l or so,
Got up 'n walked right over to the last one in the row.

She jist reached down 'n teched her lips onto the ol' white head
O' Peter Sims, who's eighty year of he's a day, 'tis said;
She looked so sweet o' Peter tho't an angel cum to say,
As how his harp wuz ready in the land 'o tarnal day.

Mad? Wall I should say I was; 'n I tol' her goin' hum,
As how the way she slighted me he'l made me sorter glum,
'N that I didn't think she'd shake me right afore the crowd—
I wusn't gointer stand it—'n I said so pooty loud.

Then Zury drapped her laffin' eyes 'n whisper d to me low,
"I didn't kiss ye 'fore the crowd—'cause—'cause—I love ye so,
'N I thought ye wudn't mind it if I kissed ol' Pete instead,
Because the grave is closin' just above his pore ol' head."

Well—wimmin's ways is queer, sometimes, and we don't alius know,
Jist what's a-throbbin' in their hearts when they act thus 'n so—
All I know is, that when I bid good night to Zury Hess,
I loved her more 'n ever, 'n I'll never love her less.

The Roses by the Run.

The roses and the clover
Are very sw et and fair,
And I love the fragrant odors
They breathe upon the air;
But sweeter seemed the blossoms
Beside the meadow run,
The time that you were twenty,
And I was twenty-one.

How fondly I remember
The time we called them there,
And 'neath the shady maples
I wove them in your hair;
How there in bliss we tarried
Until the set of sun,
The time that you were twenty,
And I was twenty-one.

It may have been the flowers,
Or a look benign and free,
That bade me whisper softly
How dear you were to me;
I never stopped to question,
I only know 'twas done,
The time that you were twenty,
And I was twenty-one.

We've had our summer, darling,
The field of life are brown,
We've traveled up the hillside,
We're on our journey down;
Yet oft I wake from dreaming
Those days have just begun,
That you again are twenty
And I am twenty-one.

When life and love are over,
And I am laid at rest,
I hope some one will gather,
And place upon my breast,
Such flowers as used to bloom
Beside the meadow run,
The time that you were twenty,
And I was twenty-one.

Know Thyself.

Seek ye the battleground, where be the foeman found,
Worthy thy steel!
No Alexander need sigh for a grander
World to reveal.

Oh, there's a world to win back from the hosts of sin,
Sorrow and death;
On with the warfare, then—close with the foes of men,
Baiting thy breath.

Not with the clash of arms, not with war's loud alarms,
Hurl thy defiance;
Not on the tongue or pen, not on the strength of man,
Place thy reliance.

Let but thy guiding star, shining from skies afar,
Illumine the way;
Let but the inner voice whisper and make thy choice
Clearer than day.

Thou art the battleground—thyself the foeman found
Seeking thy life;
There is a world within—oh, what a world to win!—
On with the strife!

Then, when the strife is done—then when the field is won—
Know'st thou thyself.
Let the loud paean roll, on through the gladdened soul,
That beyond fear or doubt, thrills with the inward shout,
"Victory! victory!
Conquest of self!"

A Dusty Tale.

Dust, thou art an impalpable thing,
Floating about as on tireless wing.
Filling each corner and crevice and crack;
Brush as you may, it comes drifting back.

Bane of good housekeeping, whence comest thou!
Infinitesimal atoms formed when, and how!
Thou art older than man, in the Good Book we learn
Man came from the dust, and to dust must return.

Like the old vase traditional, that breaks in its fall,
Whose odor of roses clings to it all,
You may sweep, you may dust, you may brush as you will,
Thy fine, little particles stay with us still.

The Goat in Harness Again.

(After Tennyson.)

Down in the cellar, dark, remote,
Where alien cats your larder note—
In so'emn grandeur stands the goat.

Without he hears the whining storm,
And feels the drought about him swarm—
He eats the coal to keep him warm.

Noted People.

Chauncey M. Depew never writes a speech, but usually spends a few moments in reflecting on his subject, jotting down a few headings in the process.

Both the Duke and Duchess of Argyll are seriously indisposed, and their physicians have positively forbidden any out-door exercise for some time to come.

Ex-Gov. Proctor Knott of Kentucky, whose fame largely rests upon his Duluth speech, has aged rapidly in the last few years and his long locks are getting thin, but he is as jovial and energetic as ever.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler is much pained at being called persistently by her maiden name. She desires to be known altogether by her husband's name and addressed as "Mrs. John A. Chanler."

The venerable Judge Taurman takes great comfort in smoking. The cigars he prefers are large and strong, and he was seen to get away with two of them in less than two hours while on his recent visit to Washington.

The death last week of John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Lincoln, leaves but three surviving Cabinet counselors of the great war President—Gen. Simon Cameron, Hugh McCulloch and James Harlan.

The public income of the Prince of Wales last year, in addition to his Parliamentary allowance of $200,000 a year from the consolidated fund, was further increased by $31,000 as Duke Cornwall and $1,750 as honorary colonel of the Tenth Hussars.

One of the forms in which the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will be celebrated this summer will, it is said, be the holding of a special reception in their honor, in July, at the National Liberal Club. From two to three thousand guests are expected to be present on the occasion.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain has made a most favorable impression on the Princess of Wales, to whom she was presented by the Princess's special request at a luncheon party at Lady Dorothy Nevill's. The Princess was delighted with her simplicity and grace of manner, and told an intimate friend that she was the most charming American she had ever met.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg has taken up his quarters at Gratz, assuming, for good and all, the title of Count Hartenau. He is shortly to receive an active command in the Austrian army, and the country may congratulate itself on obtaining the services of a first-class soldier, whose knowledge of tactics and whose skill in organization have long been noted.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the "Grand Old Man," who has been at the head of the movement for the higher education of woman for many years, and is the President of Wennham College, Cambridge, says that she is convinced that the "full cultivation of women's intellectual powers has no tendency to prevent them from properly discharging domestic duties."

Mrs. Mary A. Logan, widow of Gen. Logan, who is now in Europe chaperoning the daughters of Mr. George Pullman of Chicago, will found a post-graduate course in domestic accomplishments for young women. It is to be connected with some institution in Chicago, and in it young ladies will be able to learn everything that pertains to the management of a household.

Miss Florence Warden, author of The House on the Marsh, and other well-known but eerie novels, has had a singularly checkered career. Left at an early age dependent upon her own exertions, she started as a governess. But she soon tired of uncongenial drudgery and took to the stage. After quite a successful career she tired of acting, and has now settled down to literary work.

Without possessing the extraordinary mental grasp of his poor father—for old Abe was certainly one of the very cleverest men the United States has so far produced, and was born to be a leader of men—Mr. Robert Lincoln has not only the same gentle refined nature which distinguished the outwardly rough rail-splitter, but, owing to early educational advantages which his father never enjoyed, is endowed with most courteous and winning manners.

King Milan has been warmly welcomed by the Sultan, and his stay at Constantinople is likely to be longer than was at first anticipated. Milan is in clover. He is sumptuously lodged, and he has managed to persuade *la* Christich to leave him alone for a while. Both Milan and his host are equally afraid of assassination, and having this feeling in common, they go out but little, containing themselves with those recreations which can be best enjoyed indoors.

While the American historian Bancroft, now quite feeble, was walking on the arm of a valet in Washington the other day, ex-Secretary Bayard espied him and stepped up to greet him. The two bookworms fairly hugged each other and exchanged terms of endearment that seemed to be culled from the vocabulary of sweethearts. But even in an outburst of his affection the old historian is a great stickler for the proprieties. He had both gloves on, and insisted upon taking the right one off before shaking hands.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales, together with the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, were on a visit to the late Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, in April, 1865, they were asked to write in the book of "confessions" as to their favorite Queen, King, hero, poet, artist, author, virtue, color, flower, &c. The three royal personages duly filled up the vacant spaces under divers heads, and under the head of Queen, while the Princess of Wales wrote "Queen Dagmar," the Prince and Duchess of Teck each wrote "Mary Queen of Scots."

Investigation by a curious American has brought to light the fact that every mistress of the White House has worn low-cut gowns, so that Mrs. Harrison, who as a senator's wife never wore *decollete* dresses, will be breaking a tradition if she continues to wear high dresses as a presidentess. Martha Washington begun the fashion, and having a pair of very white, plump shoulders, she wore *decollete* gowns whenever there was a reasonable excuse for doing so. Dolly Madison was a Quaker and did not wear them always, but on state occasions of diplomatic and cabinet dinners she, too, wore low dresses, and, grievous to say, rouged as well. Harriet Lane Johnson, who presided over Buchanan's household, had got her ideas of the *decollete* gown from the Englishwomen during her long residence at the Court of St. James', and in consequence wore them as low as they are to be seen at the Queen's drawing rooms, which is very low indeed. Mr. Cleveland's has been an admiration of pretty shoulders. Besides Mrs. Cleveland's are Mrs. Whitney's, famous for their whiteness and symmetry. Only less beautiful are Mrs. Dickinson's, whose *nugue* is perfect and as white and smooth as satin. Mrs. Fairchild has dimples in her shoulders, which are of the pulpy, translucent fairness that one sees in the rosy flesh of a child.

Art and Artists.

I have just received the welcome intelligence that Mr. G. Reid has succeeded in getting a picture into the Salon. The accompanying sketch is reproduced from an original by Mr. Reid himself, kindly furnished by Mr. S. Jones, secretary of the Art Students' League. The picture is life-size and as the sketch readily

shows, its chief charm lies in the contrasting effects of light and shadow produced by the fire in the grate. Mr. Reid has not revealed the name he has given it, but it tells its own story. Considering the severe scrutiny to which the works of newcomers are subjected, his success in Paris reflects credit on our countryman and makes one more hopeful of the art life of the Dominion. Two other works sent by him were also accepted. Mr. Reid has, undoubtedly, worked hard in Paris, and under the skilled eyes of Constant and other critics must have profited largely by his sojourn in that great center. Mr. and Mrs. Reid expect to return home in September, reluctantly leaving Paris at a time when the Salon and the Exposition will together form a greater attraction than ever before.

•

The exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will be held this year in the Canadian Institute building. It will open on May 20. The society have held a number of entertaining and profitable meetings during the past winter, at which a number of excellent papers were read, that of Mr. Matthews on Rocky Mountain Scenery being especially good. I hear also with much pleasure that they are taking steps toward doing something in the way of art education.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has just completed a large portrait of Mr. J. C. Black, President of the Commercial Travelers' Association, which will decorate the walls of the association's rooms. The portrait is life size and a little more than half length. It represents Mr. Black sitting in an easy and graceful position with a newspaper in his hand. Mr. Forster is an enthusiast on the subject of portrait painting and in a paper read recently before the Ontario Society of Artists, he has ably given reasons for being enthusiastic on this branch of art.

•

The members of the Toronto Art Students League will be At Home to their friends on the afternoon and evening of Friday, May 10, at their rooms in the Imperial Bank building.

VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

Exams. commenced this week and the year is thus brought practically to a close. Our days are about numbered for this term and it is fitting that we should retire. If by reason of the senate and the ladies who take four courses they be a few more, yet is their name labor and sorrow, for they are soon rolled off and we fly away. For months we have been yearning for the time when we shall be free, and through all the killing preparation for exams. we have been buoyed up by the hope of a gude time coming, and yet there is something not at all joyful about the close of the year. About the men in other years we cannot be certain, but about those of the fourth year there is no doubt. They go out to return no more for ever. If they should come back now and then to pay us a visit, which most of them never do, they are Mr. So-and-So, and they are dressed in their a.-g.-m. clothes, and when we talk to them we use our most proper English, and they are not the same boys any more at all. They hustled us when we were freshmen, but we forgive all that; we have jostled with them, and talked, and sung, and voted for and against each other, and now when we think most of them, and number amongst them our best friends, they put on their hoods and say farewell. I don't like it. There is something mystical about it, too. We are sorry to part with them, and yet that anyone should care beans about us, when we are gone seems pyramidal absurdity. Perhaps if we could look down on it all from the philosopher's pinnacle it would be plain enough, but viewed from below it is a mystery.

•

But it is more serious for those who go than for us who remain. Thus far it has been preparation only, and now has come the time for action. And what kind of action? Is it to be for self, narrow and sordid, or for the world and truth and mankind? These are to be leaders of opinion, but in what direction? Towards sectionalism and spite or towards catholicity and patriotism and charity? If they are not to be noble they have failed, for they will employ the keen weapons of intellect in a bad cause.

•

By the way, how is it our professors do not get closer to us? Father Young has left a vacancy which I fear will never be filled. What was the secret of his power? His subject was as dry as mathematics, and there is perhaps as little positively known about it as about philosophy, and yet he wielded a greater influence than any man we have. His intellect was almost divine, it is true, but I think his real power lay in his sympathetic heart. Sympathy, perhaps, is born in a man to some extent, and yet it can be cultivated, as poor, prosy, wise, old Aristotle would say; and I have the audacity to say that some of our professors do not rise to the occasion in this respect. Perhaps it is our own fault because we do not half work; but surely they ought to take the initiative and give us a chance. Professor Ashley is doing so; he seems to understand his mission. This is a lecture from the back bench forsooth, where the dummies sit. Well, if it's no good it's no harm.

NEMO.

The Utilization of Prison Labor.

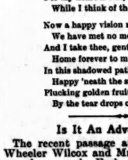
To the Editor of Saturday Night:

This subject has long perplexed those whose duty it is to administer correction and punishment to criminals and offenders. If the convicted are allowed to remain in idleness during the term of sentence, they not only become a heavy burden upon the community, but in addition their physical and mental health may become impaired. Employment of some kind is, therefore, a necessity. How to furnish it without injury to free labor is the problem to solve. For the consideration of those most nearly interested, I beg to suggest the following, which, I think, points to a solution. Let the prisoners be employed on any profitable work; the proceeds from which to be invested to form a sinking fund for the benefit of distressed sick and infirm free laborers and for the relief of needy widows and orphans of free laborers.

L.

In the Shadows.

For Saturday Night.



There's a picture in my fancy,
There is music in my ears,
And I turn aside, my Mary,
For my eyes are filled with tears;
I turn aside, my Mary,
For my heart is full to-night,
And I wander in the shadows,
Where the stars alone give light.

There's a face that haunts my memory,
And a voice that sounds divine,
And the face and voice, my Mary,
That I see and hear are thine;
And I seek the soothing shadows,
Where the stars alone give light,
For my heart is full, my Mary,
While I think of thee to-night.

Now a happy vision rises—
We have met no more to part,
And I take thee, gentle Mary,
Home forever to my heart;
In this shadowed path we wander,
Happy 'neath the sta s' dim light,
Plucking golden fruits, sweet, ripened,
By the tear drops of to-night.

M. V.

Is It An Advertisement?

The recent passage at arms between Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton reveals a moral. Each of these two scions of the quill have told us some wonderful experiments in womanly passion. The poetess has viewed the spinal thrills of ordinary nature from the edge of a roseate cloud as it were, she has grown a pair of wings, and like a metaphorical angel, adapted the result of her feminine senses to our imaginative fancy. She has imbued her poetry with everything angelic but an angel's purity, and that virtue she has destroyed by probing the evrescences of feminine passion. The novelists has been less delicate in her view of the fair sex. She has considered woman's situation in life from a sensual standpoint and writing in such bold belief has wisely ignored the "angel on earth" combination completely. From this composite team of frothing passion comes a gleam of their inner characters through the channel of personal vanity. The poetess casts aside her publisher's pen and takes up a very ordinary every day stub that has probably done service as a "domestic pen" in writing to her husband on tour, and sending orders to her tradesman for daily meals. The novelist apparently uses only one pen for all purposes, which, as a Californian article of luxury, descends to duties almost as undignified as the novels it is obliged to write. Ella Wheeler Wilcox resents being considered mouse-colored and mourns with a poet's wail her fading beauty. Nevertheless, she claims to be anchored in love for all eternity. Surely there can be no truth in the rumor that the two ladies are working this little scheme as a joint and quite friendly advertisement.—*N. Y. Truth.*

A Fair Show.

We were sitting in front of Taylor's grocery on a summer day, when a big black hog came nosing along the gutter and started a new train of thought. In the crowd of loungers was a man from St. Louis, and, after watching the porker for a while, he remarked:

"I wonder if that hog ever had a real good time in all his life?"

"Hogs allus have good times, I guess," remarked the village cooper, who had knocked off work and come over to hear some politics.

"I doubt it," said the other. "He must feel his degraded position in life, and so he cannot be happy. I wish I could do something to make him feel that life is worth the living."

"Past man I ever saw who pitied a hog!" grunted the blacksmith, who ought to have been tacking a shoe on a waiting mule.

"Yes, I do pity him. I've been down myself and know how it is. Taylor, have you got any cherry whisky?"

"Mighty little, if any. More cherries than whisky, I guess."

"If you've got two quarts of cherries which have been in liquor, bring 'em out, and I'll give you half a dollar. I'm going to make that hog happy for two hours."

The grocer got the cherries, which had been lying in liquor for a couple of years, and the St. Louis man poured them out into the gutter for the hog. They were devoured with astonishing avidity, and the porker stood and looked at us and hungered for more. It was doubted by some if the liquor would affect him, but after a few minutes he began to frisk and play, and was evidently under the influence.

"That does me good," said the donor of the cherries. "He is becoming light hearted, and life will now take on new charms to him. Hang a man who won't give a hog a show!"

"Just then the animal uttered a hoarse "woo!" and charged for the crowd. We scattered and he entered the grocery, took two or three turns, and shot out and down the street. Esquire Smith was coming up, and the hog charged and upset him. He then headed for a horse and buggy in front of Snyder's, crashed against the horse's hind legs, and in another moment there was a runaway. The widow Watkins was sailing along with a can of kerosene in her hand, and the hog rolled her off the walk as if she had been struck by a locomotive. He then charged a double team and started them off, drove into Gaylord's dry goods store and out, and the old man Sabin turned in from Elm street just in time to be lifted three feet high and rolled into a puddle.

Fifty men were out and after the porker by this time, but he started another runaway, upset a baby carriage, and knocked the Register of Deeds off his pins before we cornered him and got a rope around a hind leg. Then everybody was mad and wanted vengeance, but when they came to look for the St. Louis man he had skipped. He, however, left a message for the public, saying to a boy, who had shinned up an awning post to be out of danger:

"My son, if you haven't adopted a motto yet, let me throw out one for your digestion. It is: 'Give everything a fair show.'"

"Ditto."

There were three or four unoccupied seats in the car, but he stood a moment, grip in hand, near the door, and then walked to a seat in which a young lady sat alone and sat down beside her with an impudence that astounded all other passengers. The girl looked up at him and around the car, and evidently realized the situation, for she took pencil and tablet from her reticule and made ready for him. After about five minutes the man turned to her and observed:

"Beg pardon if I am mistaken, but don't you live at Utica?"

She looked up in a furtive way, and then wrote on the tablet and handed him:

"I am deaf and dumb."

"Ah! By George!" he sighed as he read it; "that's too, too bad! Deuced pretty girl to have such a misfortune. Well, I'm left, after all my smartness. Saw her at the window before I got on, and carried out the plan to a dot. Deaf and dumb, eh! First one I ever struck!"

He nodded his head to her to signify that he understood, and he would have been glad to change seats if he could have done so without loss of dignity. As the train thundered on he perused the contents of a couple of newspapers, yawned awhile, and then bought and finished a novel; and finally, after a ride of four mortal hours, the whistle blew, and he reached for his grip with the remark:

"I'll be hanged if I ain't glad this stupid ride has come to an end at last.

"Ditto!" quietly replied the girl, as she turned on him.

"You—you——!" he gasped, as he stood there looking down upon her with twelve kinds of emotion galloping over his countenance.

"Good-by," she said, and he backed out and dropped to the platform like a man retreating from a mule's hind legs.

She Got the Earth.

A woman who had been looking at a To Rent on Carlton street brought the key back and said:

"I like the house pretty well, but——"

"That is all right, madam," interrupted the owner. "You were going to speak about the need of repairing. I have just contracted to pay a firm $350 to paint everything."

"That will be nice. I was going to say——"

"Excuse me, but I shall have the wooden fence replaced with an iron one."

Progressive Housekeeping.

Neighbor—Hello, Shaggs! What's going on here?
Shaggs—Wife's been away. I used all the dishes and want to get everything slick and clean before she puts foot in the house to-night.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"Will you? And I——"

"And every room will be repapered in the most expensive manner, madam. I shall put stained glass into all the front windows, get new front doors, build a new stable in the rear, buy more land on each side and add five clothes closets."

"How nice! And you——?"

"I told you the rent was $40 per month, but I am satisfied the figure is too high. I shall reduce it to $25; send my own teams to move you in; pay your water tax; cut the grass for you! You needn't mind about paying your rent in advance, but give it to me whenever you have no other use for it."

"You are very kind," she answered after a moment's thought, "but—you see—you know I promised to look at another house, and I'm a little particular, you know, and so I am much obliged."

The Force of Habit.

In Chicago. First Man—I see you are moving.
Second Man—Yes.
"Rent too high?"
"No, very reasonable."
"Don't you like the house?"
"Yes, like it better than any house I ever lived in."
"Bad neighborhood, I suppose."
"No, the neighborhood is excellent."
"Why then do you move?"
"Look here, where are you from? Don't you know that this is the first of May?"

But He Was Mistaken.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" quietly asked a young man of Officer Button at the Third street depot the other day.

"Yes sir. What is it? Why, sir, you are all battered up. You look as if you had been run over."

"Don't you remember that I landed here yesterday afternoon with my hat on my ear and conceit in my eye? I spoke to you right over there."

"Oh, yes."

"I told you I was no hayseed."

"Yes, you did."

"And that flies didn't stay on me."

"Yes."

"And that the man who took me for a spring chicken would get left."

"I remember."

"Well, I want to apologize to you."

"To me? What for?"

"For treating your fatherly advice with scorn and contempt. I thought I had seen the elephant. I boasted that I knew the ropes. I have been swindled, drugged, licked, knocked out, stepped on, robbed and rolled in the mud, and am going home to drink pumpkin tonic for the rest of the year. Officer, forgive me and sometimes think kindly of me when I am far, far away."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Nothing Happened.

She had just returned from Europe, and was telling about the trip at a party when an old bald-head inquired:

"See any whales going or coming?"

"No."

"See any sharks?"

"No."

"See any icebergs?"

"No."

"Pass any wrecks?"

"No."

"Rescue any castaways?"

"No."

"Very stormy?"

"No."

"Fire or fever break out aboard—run short of fuel or provisions—meet with any accident to create alarm?"

"No—nothing."

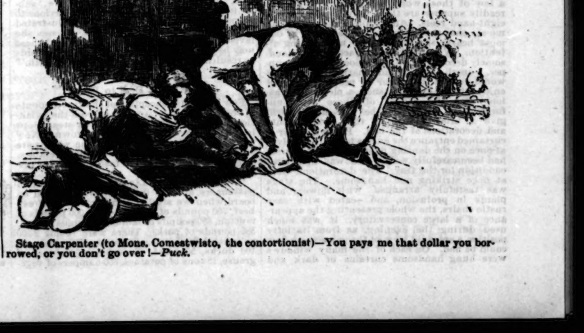
"Humph! Why didn't you go by ox-cart, madame?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Could Not Corner Them All.

"The Poets' Corner," ejaculated Mrs. Sprigins, putting down her Westminster Abbey guide book.

"Well, I never! I knew they'd formed a salt ring, but never thought they'd made a corner on poets."

At A Disadvantage.



Stage Carpenter (to Mons. Comestwisto, the contortionist)—You pays me that dollar you borrowed, or you don't go over!—*Puck.*

Out of Town.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

An event long looked for by the residents of the new town of West Toronto Junction, the bachelors' ball, which took place Monday evening, April 29, under the patronage of His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clendenan, was by far the most successful affair ever held at the junction. The new Campbell's Hall was tastefully decorated with bunting, flags and Chinese lanterns. The supper, which was arranged by the patronesses, reflected very great credit upon them. The bachelors are to be commended for the excellent management of this their first attempt. The following committee had charge of the affair; patronesses—Mrs. Cordingley, Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mrs. A. A. C. Denovan, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. McCormack, Mrs Sehan, Mrs Peake, Mrs. Clendenan, Mrs. Clemmers, Mrs. Ellis; committee—Messrs. A. B. Cordingley, T. J. L. Peake, Dr. Gillespie, Jas. Kennedy, Phil. Wakefield, W. R. Skey, Chas. Hart, H. C. Fowler, Dr. Williams, E. A. Lawson, R. Kennedy, Dr. Clendenan, Wm. Peake, E. Beaston, W. H. Lockhart, J. Mowat Biggs, Broome P. Smith (secretary). Over one hundred and twenty-five couples responded to their invitations. Amongst those present were: His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clendenan, Dr. G. T. Gilmour, M. P. P., Col. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. Alex. MacDonald, Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mr. S. M. Wilkinson, the Misses McDonnell, Miss Cherry of Belleville, Miss Simmons of St. Catharines, Miss Laws of Trenton, Mr. H. Thomson of London, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. D. F. Cordingley of Brockville, Miss Kennedy, Miss Cordingley, Mr. and Mrs. Spotton, Mrs. C. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Kerrison, Miss McMillan, the Misses Wakefield, Miss Bell, Mr. McMahon, the Misses Barnes, the Misses Watson, Miss Galor, Miss Hackett, Miss Grant, Mr. W. Haskett, the Misses Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gabel, Mr. A. J. Gabel, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. Denovan, Mr. H. J. Craig, Miss Stevens, Mr. and Miss Mingay, Mr. McMillan, Mr. R. Boyd, the Misses Boyd, Mr. Moore, Mr. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Clemmers, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cordingley, Miss Hess, Miss Ella King, Mr. McFarland, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Miss Stammers, Mr. and Miss Medland, Mr. J. D. Sinclair, Miss Sinclair, Mr. E. Wakefield, Mr. Wyatt, Miss Blackburn, Mr. R. C. Eccleston, Miss Thomson, Miss Daisy Thomson, Mr. W. Thomson, Mr. B. Stevens, Miss Blackburn, Mr. Carr, Mr. E. Currie, Mr. W. Armstrong, Mr. and Miss McMinn, Mr. and Miss Grant of Hamilton, Mr. Moore and Mr. Holt of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith, Mr. Pipon and others.

SIMCOE.

Mrs. A. McCall's long talked of dance came off last Thursday and was very successful. Music was from London. The floor was excellent. Miss Tisdale's supper extras were played beautifully and enjoyed by all. Miss Nellies and Miss Kilmaster of Brantford, Mr. Kirkland of Windsor and Dr. Burner of Hamilton were present. I noticed Miss Belton of Buffalo in black and jet, Miss Thoms in crimson surah, Mrs. J. C. Boyd in white net and moire, Mrs. E. Cowdry in black net and Miss Brooks in blue. The house was too crowded, but with that exception, Mrs. McCall may feel that her party was most pleasant.

Mrs. Willson of Wingham is with Mrs. Corbould for a short visit.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons is to give us an evening soon, as we believe her last appearance.

Miss Taylor is a guest of Mrs. Dr. Stanton.

Mr. J. L. Campbell has left many desolate hearts by his departure for Toronto for an extended visit. TIPTOE.

BARRIE.

Miss Kathleen McCarthy last week gave an afternoon tea for a few of her friends. Those who were present were Miss Spry, Miss T. Mason, Miss Henderson, Miss F. Henderson, Miss Spotton, Miss Rogerson, Miss L. Rogerson, Miss M. Baker, and Miss Holmes.

Mrs. John Henderson of Bellevue gave a delightful At Home on Thursday, April 25. The first part of the evening consisted of a musicale. The different selections were listened to very attentively and much appreciated. Those whom I noticed there were Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Badenhurst, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lount, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. C. Thomson, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Morrow, Mr. McVittie, Mrs. Rogerson, Mrs. H. McKee, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss Campbell, Mr. W. Spry, the Misses Mason, Mr. Gillett, the Misses Bird, Miss Cotter, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Miss R. Stewart, Miss K. McCarthy, the Misses Baker, Mr. C. Ardagh, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. F. Lount, Mr. A. Giles, the Misses Forsyth, Miss L. Rogerson, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. E. Rogerson, Mr. F. Lount and Miss Stevenson, Mr. T. Boys, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Mr. V. Meeking, Miss Sanders, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. G. Cameron and Mr. C. H. Cease. Dancing was kept up until the small hours. It being the first party since Lent, it was enjoyed exceedingly by all.

Mrs. Spotton's At Home on Friday, April 26, was a great success in every respect, a large number were present, but on account of limited space in the columns I will only be able to mention a few whom I observed, viz., Mrs. Andros, Mrs. Bridges, Miss Kortright, Miss Hewett, Miss Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Miss A Foster, Miss Boys, Mr. and Miss Hornsby, the Misses Mason, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. H. Andros, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Mr. A. Bridges, Mr. W. B. and Miss Spry, Mr. F. Lount, Mr. C. Schreiber, the Misses Henderson, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. J. Cameron, Mr. S. Bridges, Miss Kortright, Miss Murphy, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Miss E. Jackson, Mr. Lauder, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Mr. Mitchell, Miss B. Stewart, and others.

Miss Reiner is spending a few weeks in Toronto and is the guest of the Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman.

The Misses Foster have returned home after a lengthy visit in Toronto.

Miss Morgan daughter of Judge Morgan of Toronto, has been visiting relatives in town. OCUL THE.

GUELPH.

Those who were in anyway associated with the ball of last Friday evening, have indeed just reason to feel proud at the complete and successful result of what we all know to be a very arduous task. The Royal City has always borne an enviable reputation for the brilliant balls which they give, but I doubt if any could surpass, or be more enjoyed by the two hundred odd present that night, that of the 26th. All seemed to go in for a good time, and if words and appearances go for anything, they more than realized their most sanguine expectations; the floor was at all times comfortably occupied, and I noticed among the throng not a few of those whom we younger people too readily suppose are there only for chaperones and eight-hand reels. And while I think of it let me say that the stewards are deserving of our most hearty thanks for their unremitting attention. With such an attractive and handsomely decorated hall, good floor, splendid supper, superb music, and charming ladies, it would indeed be queer if people could not enjoy themselves on such a pleasing occasion. For the benefit of those who unfortunately could not be present, I will give a brief sketch of the arrangements and decorations of the ball. Passing under a curtain entrance the guests found themselves at once on the dancing floor, which, of course, had been carefully waxed and was in capital condition for the fray. The decorations were at once striking and handsome. The stage was tastefully arranged with flowers and plants in profusion, and seated with easy rustic chairs, the whole presenting the appearance of a large conservatory. It was much used during the evening, as from its lofty position a splendid view of the gay scene below could be had. On each of the many windows were hung handsome curtains of dark and light shades alternately, while the spaces between and above were filled with flags artistically arranged. In the center of the main wall was a large mirror draped on either side with lace curtains, and from the top of which was suspended a handsome ball of natural flowers. At either ends of the wall were large engravings with flags thrown loosely over their corners, while on each window sill stood a growing plant. At the end of the room, directly opposite the stage, was a raised dais nearly carpeted, and in the center of which was seated the band, while on both sides were numerous seats for those desiring to sit out a dance. Immediately behind the band and filling in the center window was a large hand-omely framed oil painting of Her Majesty the Queen, festooned with the flag that "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze." The decorations were deservedly much admired by all, and gave one the idea that they were gliding over the floor of a private ball room or spacious parlor. The supper apartment was admirably adapted for the requirements of a large ball, the large arch-way in the center of the north wall connecting the two halls, so that the waltzers had only to glide through the curtained door-way into the presence of Caterer Newport and his assistants, who were ready at all times to supply their patrons with almost anything that the most delicate taste demanded. The advantage of having a running supper was clearly manifested to those present. I was just debating in my mind as to whether I would close without giving you a short description of the dresses and by whom they were worn, who was the belle of the ball, etc., but after reflection have concluded that I would be almost certain to offend some lady with a handsome costume and even handsomer figure and whose name I might overlook; then how can I be expected to name the belle when I heard it claimed by some that Galt carried off the palm, others Grimsby, Guelph, St. Catharines, Goderich, and so on, and when they could not decide I don't think I had better try. I want to keep on the right side of all these people as I hope to meet them all at the next dance the Guelphites give.

Guests were present from the following places: Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Goderich, Whitby, Dundas, Galt, Brantford, Paris, Seaforth, Grimsby, Hespler, Georgetown, etc. RAMBLER.

Something Wanting.

On the pebbly, billowy-washed sea shore
They were strolling along on the sand,
Where the moon on the waves of the ocean
Made a silvery path from the land.

And she heard in the splash of the water,
As it danced to the moon's silver light,
One perpetual song, her heart's echo,
"Ah me! will he ask me to-night?"

Then gently he spoke, and his accents
Seemed noble and tender and true,
"Do you love me?" he eagerly asked her,
And she murmured, "You know that I do"

Then she cast down her eyes and blushed sweetly
(Though she gave him her soft hand, unglived),
And waited to hear the next question,
He but murmured, "I like to be loved."

Passionate Writers Wrangle.

There is more trouble in "select literary circles," and a New York *Graphic* correspondent tells the story. The difficulty originated with the publication of an article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chanler, in which she used the following language:

"The author of Eros (who will, nevertheless, when she is older and wiser, rank amongst our greatest novelists) has descended to even lower and coarser depths than Mr. Sharp. She has chosen a debauched maiden for her heroine, and she minutely describes lustful and unholy scenes between this debased creature and her true lover. The woman marries a good man, ruins his life and then goes back to her lover and finally becomes a demi-mondaine, and all their meetings a e described with a detail as disgusting as it is unnecessary and inartistic."

On reading the above, Miss Laura Daintrey, upon her return to this city from Rome, addressed Mrs. Wilcox a letter in which she said:

"As your letter containing this assertion was syndicated and thus disseminated throughout the States, I write to ask you to do me the justice of contradicting it, according to the explanation of my book, through the same channel. You deprecate with eloquence the general misconception of Miss Rives, therefore I know that you would not be willing to deliberately create a misconception of my work.

Sincerely yours,

LAURA DAINTREY.

In reply Mrs. Wilcox sent the following:

"349 West Fifty-eighth street.

"DEAR MISS DAINTREY—So long as you made Mamie the most pronounced and prominent character in your book, you must bear with your readers if they call her "the heroine" of the story. The delineation of her animal-like amours with the man whose mistress she was is in no sense 'artistic' or necessary to the strength of the book.

"There is always a grandeur in the portrayal of a great love in art, its phases—even its abandon. There was a sublime in the struggle of Barbara. There was lustful degradation in the description of Mamie's life. The book made me feel that I wanted to take a Turkish bath after reading it. I had expected to like it; I was horrified beyond measure at the perusal. Several periodicals declared me to be the founder of the school from which you sprang. I defended myself in the article to which you refer.

"Were I to write another article upon Eros, it would be less pleasing to you than the last.

"I have done with this subject, and if I have misunderstood your book you must find some one else to defend you. I have no word of apology for what I wrote—no word of defence for the book.

Yours sincerely,

"ELLA WHEELER WILCOX."

Miss Daintrey at once forwarded another letter to Mrs. Wilcox, which that lady has, as yet, failed to notice. It reads:

"DEAR MRS. WILCOX—I neither requested nor desired you to 'defend' my book; did it require defence I am very competent to make it. I called on you to contradict an untrue statement you had circulated.

"Your opinions on love, intuition, etc., are peculiarly foreign to the question; regarded in the light of a novel, your deductions are not ethical, perhaps, not logical. Your letter, in conclusion, would seem to show that prevarication and injustice are equally attractive to you with abuse. Sincerely yours,

"LAURA DAINTREY."

"Permit me to follow your example of digression. I presume you mean by 'the subtlinity' of Barbara, in contradistinction to Mamie's 'horrifying' traits, is best illustrated in the number and variety of the caresses she lavishes on Dering's hair, which, from these may be explained, perhaps, in your own words as resulting from her 'natural sweet warmth.'"

A Great Deal to Eat.

Few have any conception of the vast amounts of food required for a voyage across the Atlantic. Though the time occupied by steamships in the average voyage from Queenstown to New York is only about seven days, there are storehouses of meats, groceries and vegetables. The steward of one of the fastest of these vessels recently said:

"We sailed from Liverpool with 547 cabin passengers and 300 in the crew. We had on board when we started 12,500 pounds of fresh beef, 700 pounds of corned beef, 5,000 pounds of mutton, 850 pounds of lamb, 350 pounds of veal, 350 pounds of pork. There were beside 2 000 pounds of fresh fish, 600 fowls, 300 chickens, 100 ducks, 50 geese, 80 turkeys, 200 brace of grouse, 15 tons of potatoes, 300 hampers of vegetables, 260 quarts of ice cream, 1,000 quarts of milk, 11,500 eggs.

"In the dry groceries there were 650 pounds of tea, 1,200 pounds of coffee, 1,500 pounds of white sugar, 750 pounds of pulverized sugar, 1,500 pounds of cheese, 2,000 pounds of butter, 3,500 pounds of ham, and 1,000 pounds of bacon."

Very Peculiar.

Guest (helping himself pretty freely to the cognac)—It is very peculiar that I never feel an appetite for dinner unless I take a glass of cognac afterwards.

That Romantic Look.

Smith—Why that mournful, romantic look in your eye, Miss Adeline?

Adeline—The doctor says I'm going to have a sty.

Easter Greeting.

The reason why fashions in men's dress change so often according to the pronunciamento of one of Toronto's swell tailors is because men soon grow tired of existing styles and crave for something new. This season's fashions are no better than those of last season and not much better than those of ten years ago insofar as the general effects of garment structure are concerned; it is not progress and development half so much as novelty and variety that are looked for. As a matter of fact the spring styles, while showing a multitude of minor departures in mere items of detail from those of the past spring and fall, are in all essential respects practically unchanged. The most popular coat will be the three button cutaway or walking coat, while the sack coat will continue to retain its hold upon a large number of admirers. Large plaids and checks are the most fashionable goods to be worn this season, and Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West End Tailor, having received his spring importation from the best foreign markets invites your inspection. No. 1 Rossin House Block or 119 King street west, Toronto.

Recipe for Cleaning Glass, Silver, Nickle and Tinware.

Three ounces washing soda, dissolved in one-half pint hot water, add one tablespoonful of ammonia, thicken with whitening and let dry; rub on with damp cloth. Also use Nonsuch stove polish; no labor, no dust. Use Mirror stovepipe varnish; no smell or smoke. Manufactured by the Nonsuch Stove Polish Co., London, Ont.

A Beautiful Gift.

Eight beautiful studies of birds and flowers, put up in portfolio, worth at least $2, for 25c., post free. Address Frederick J. Prior, Toronto, Ont.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MILLER—On April 27, at Toronto, Mrs. W. R. Miller—a daughter.

BOYD—On April 28, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Tower Boyd—a daughter.

HENDERSHOT—On April 24, at Toronto, Mrs. William A. Hendershot—a daughter.

JACKES—On April 24, at Toronto, Mrs. E. H. Jackes—a son.

MURRAY—On April 20, at Toronto, Mrs. James Murray—a daughter.

SMITH—On April 26, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Smith—a daughter.

SISLEY—On April 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Euston Sisley—a son.

YOUNG—On April 26, at Aurora, Mrs. R. St. B. Young—a son.

FORBES—On April 23, at Toronto, Mrs. J. C. Forbes—a son.

ASHLEY—On April 27, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Ashley—a daughter.

CORRELL—On April 29, at Toronto, Mrs. S. K. Correll—a son.

LECKIE—At Toronto, Mrs. J. Leckie—a son, stillborn.

NEVILLE—On April 30, at Toronto, Mrs. R. S. Neville—a daughter.

WALLIS—On April 21, at San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. J. H. Wallis—a daughter.

WARD—On May 1, at West Lorne, Mrs. W. J. Ward—a son.

BRENNEN—On April 30, at Silverbrook Mills, Tioga, Ont.—Mrs. E S. Brennen—a son.

Marriages.

BRISCOE—PILE—On April 23, at Deseronto, Henry Briscoe to Charlotte Pile.

KYLE—McCALL—On April 24, at Simcoe, Alexander Kyle of Montreal, to Henrietta McCall.

WOODS—LAZELLYN—On April 25, at Toronto, Samuel Wesley Woods of Lincolnshire, England, to Florence Rosamond Lazellyn.

FOSTER—DUMBLE—On April 25, at Cobourg, William Bond Foster of Montreal, to Maude Dumble.

SHEPHERD—SHEPHERD—On April 29, at Napanee, Ont., Mabel Louise Herring to G. C. Tremaine Ward, M. D.

BROWN—HYNES—On April 25, at Sarnia, Andrew A. Brown to Montreal, to Jessie Leys.

FITTON—DENNY—On April 30, at Toronto, Horace W. Fitton to Lilian Denny.

WEBSTER—LANGLEY—On April 10, at Toronto, Dr. A. H. Webster to Isabella Langley.

HALL—CUMMING—On April 23, at Washington, Stephen Hall, jr., to Clara Cumming.

CURTIS—ALLEN—On April 24, at Buffalo, N. Y., Wm. Curtis of Toronto, to Sarah E. Allis of Buffalo.

CHAPPLE—McINTOSH—On April 23 at Toronto, Henry Chapple, M. D., of Orono, Ont., to Mattie Murphy, of Paris.

FERRIER—McINTOSH—On April 24, at Guelph, D. W. Ferrier, M. D., of Canonsburg, to Margaret Anne McIntosh.

ROBERTSON—TOYE—On April 25, at Toronto, John C. Robertson, B. A., to Eleanor Annie Toye.

FOSTER—ADAM—On April 23, at Lindsay, George Foster of Toronto, to Christiana Adam.

GLASSFORD—SILVERTHORNE—On April 24, at Toronto township, W. J. Glassford, M. D., to Jennie A. silverthorne.

FARWELL—WULFENDEN—On April 23, at Batavia, N. Y., J. E. Farewell of Whitby, Ont., to Mrs. M. C. Wolfenden.

WALTERHOUSE—CARTWRIGHT—On April 17, at Toronto, J. H. Waterhouse to Maudday Cartwright.

PEATTIE—MORISON—On April 26, at Montreal, John H. Peattie of Toronto, to Annie A. Morison.

McGROREY—McKEOWN—On April 30, at Toronto, John McGrorey to Mary McKeown.

ALLEN—MARTIN—On April 30, at Toronto, Norman Allen, M. D., to Annie Victoria Martin.

CORNELIUS—SNOWDEN—On April 14, at Toronto, Albert E. Cornelius to Mary Snowden.

Deaths.

WALLACE—On April 18, at Stayner, Frank J. Wallace.

MICHAEL—On April 29, at Toronto, George Michael.

WESLEY—On April 28, at Toronto, Margaret E. Creighton Wainsley.

AURHOFF—On April 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Morton W. Muttoff, aged 21 years.

CHANTLER—At Toronto, Mrs. John Chantler of Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, England, aged 78 years.

MILLINGTON—On April 29, at Toronto, John Millington, aged 65 years.

MACKEY—On April 29, at Toronto, Anna Mackey.

WILSON—On April 25, at Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Wilson, aged 47 years.

BICKFORD—On April 24, at Dundas, Henry Bickford, aged 47 years.

PIM—On April 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Hargrave Pim, aged 77 years.

CORBET—On April 30, at Owen Sound, James Corbet, sr., aged 78 years.

MACPHERSON—On May 1, at Fingal, Mrs. Daniel Macpherson, aged 64 years.

JACKSON—On May 1, at Toronto, Thomas Jackson, aged 64 years.

STONE—On May 1, at Toronto, William Stone, aged 70 years.

VANKOUGHNET—On April 19, at Cornwall, Harriet Colin Adam VanKoughnet.

CORRIDI—On April 28, at Toronto, Portia Corridi, aged 44 years.

ARWOOD—On April 25, at St. Thomas, E. M. Yarwood, aged 69 years.

CRAFORD—On April 29, at Etobicoke, Archibald Edgar Crawford, aged 9 years.

HARRIS—On April 30, at Oakville, Samuel Harris, aged 86 years.

THRUSH—On April 30, at Parkdale, Edward Morehouse Thrush, aged 1 year.

O'NEIL—On April 24, at Toronto, T. H. O'Neil, aged 78 years.

NICOL—On April 24, at Lamaroux, East York, Mrs. William Nichol, aged 65 years.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

See the No. 9 and No. 12 Sewing Machines

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durabi ity, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.
Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUF'G CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE FOR ONTARIO—256 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Telephone 277 GEO. BARRETT, Manager.

ALLAN FURNITURE CO.
5 KING EAST
TORONTO

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES
LADIES' SECRETARIES
DINING-ROOM SETS
PARLOR CABINETS
CHIFFONIERS
TWISTED TABLES
FANCY CHAIRS, &c.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES OF CANADA
MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT
In aid of the Regimental Band Fund.
Grand Opera House, Monday Evening, May 6
10 END MEN 10
A CHORUS OF SIXTY VOICES
Under the leadership of Mr. Schuch.
Reserved seats $1. Box plan now open.

CANADIAN ITALIAN SOCIETY
CHRISTOFORO COLUMBO
FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT
Association Hall, Monday Evn'g, May 13
ARTISTES—Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Miss Eveline Severs, Miss H. A. Mills, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. Grant-Stewart. Conservatory String Quartette Club, Madame Boucher (accompanist), Signor F. D'Auria, conductor.
Plans now open at Nordheimers'. Reserved seats, 50c. General admission, 25c.

GRAND CHARITY
CONCERT
In aid of the Hospital for Sick Children.
Pavilion, May 9, 1889
Mrs. Caldwell Mr. F. Warrington
Mr. A. E. Dent Mr. George Holderness
HEINTZMAN'S BAND
50 Performers 10—Anvil Chorus
50 in Costume 50 Stage and Scenic Effects
Mr. Thomas Baugh, Conductor
Admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 50c. Plan now open at Nordheimers'.

CHARLES DICKENS' ENTERTAINMENT
VICTORIA HALL, QUEEN ST. EAST
THURSDAY, MAY 9, AT 8 P.M.
Bardell vs. Pickwick
Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks
Old Curiosity Shop
Day Dream of Charles Dickens
Tickets 25c., at Nordheimers' and Sucklings'.

J. W. Cheeseworth
MERCHANT TAILOR
106 King St. West
SPECIAL LINE OF
SCOTCH AND IRISH SUITINGS
Just opened this week. Suitable for present wear.
SOCIETY REGALIAS
Fancy Ball Costumes
Art Needle Work and Supplies
Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.
Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.
AT
W. C. MORRISON'S
161 King Street West

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CALLAWAY'S
POPULAR EXCURSIONS
TO
Vancouver, Victoria
AND ALL POINTS IN
OREGON
WASHINGTON TERRITORY
and CALIFORNIA
LEAVE TORONTO ON
Friday, April 26 and May 10 and 24
In the Celebrated Tourist Sleepers. Each party is accompanied to destination by special courier. Full particulars from any Agent of the Company.
J. F. TOMSON. GEO. DUNSTAN.
Dunstan & Dunstan
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
Mail Building, Ba. Street, Toronto Tel phone 1227.
East Toronto Branch—796 Queen St. East: E. Macan, Manager. West Toronto Junction Branch—57 Dundas St.; A. Meadows, Manager.

GUARANTEED.

The only medicines sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from their manufacturers, that they will do just what is claimed for them—that is, benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which they are recommended, or the money paid for them will be promptly refunded—are Dr. Pierce's world-famed specifics, manufactured by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all diseases arising from a torpid or sluggish liver, or from impure blood, as Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, and Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Consumption, or Lung-scrofula, is also cured by this wonderful remedy, if taken in time.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the world-famed remedy for all those chronic weaknesses and distressing derangements so common to American women. It is a most potent, invigorating, restorative tonic, or strength giver, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. As a soothing nervine it is unequaled. See guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

$500 OFFERED
for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. By druggists, 50 cents.

Wild Flowers

Go a-Maying with you, dear girls? Why, of course I will! I don't know anything much more delightful than the first tramp through the woods in spring. You think it rather early for the woods? Not at all. Why, a love of a girl brought me a bunch of that most exquisite of our wild flowers, the trailing arbutus, last week. So we'll be very lucky if we find any to-day, the snow went so early this year.

You have never seen it? Well, I don't wonder, it is as shy as it is beautiful. You will have to lift away quite a thick coverlet of withered leaves before you find the little groups of delicate, pale-pink wax-like blossoms. Yes, sometimes it is white when quite under the leaves, when the sun has kissed it he brings a blush to its cheek just as he does to your own. And by the way, how bright and fresh and sparkling you all look. I don't wonder that

> "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

I think girls never look prettier than in its moist and temperate heat, though perhaps that is not the only reason. May not Nature, who then lends a "livelier iris" to the "burnished dove," give a daintier rose to our lassies' cheeks—a softer sparkle to their glad young eyes?

Which way shall we turn? Lovely spots are to be found in all directions, though they are becoming fewer and farther away each year.

Now that we have reached our destination you think there is little to reward us? Why I think that look at the lake is alone worth coming for; that and the music of the frogs. Music? Yes, music, and very deftly concerted music too—in the spring. Listen to that sweet, low, persistent treble, and that just as sweet and persistent bass. Not the big drum bass of the summer croakers, but rather the crooning melancholy of the violoncello. I have been always in love with the frog chorus of spring. Let me whisper, even of the frog chorus of summer, at night and when sufficiently distant, and now, having read through two exquisite sonnets of our Canadian poet, Mr. Lampman, sonnets I really think almost, if not quite, worthy of Wordsworth, I find courage to avow openly my so often sneered-at admiration. I am consoled, too, for a wound I received at the hands of a highly cultivated Englishwoman who was traveling through Canada last autumn.

She said she did not wonder we Canadians had no literature. That even if we had a Shelley or a Wordsworth we would not be able to understand him, as she had met no one who seemed to love, even to know, our native birds or flowers. Should she read Mr. Lampman's volume, she will not deny we have a poet.

I could not say much in self-defence, for, in spite of my love for them, I had to confess I knew but little of either their names or homes, but, "What are those trees in bloom down in the ravine?" Which? those lovely silver-grey bushes? Well, if you were near you would not think those catkins flowers; though they really are such—the male flowers of the hazel shrub or tree. The country people call them Pussy Willows.

And did you ever see anything prettier than the ruddy haze, for it seems no more, that clings about the maples with the soft grey of branch and twig just showing through. They are in flower, too; the leaves will not come till later. Perhaps that is the reason there are so few birds yet; they don't want to build till the land is more "improved." There's Robin's brave, cheery whistle; what a gladdening sound it is; he's already at work. But then, like most pioneers, he is not at all particular about his domicile; any kind of a rough mud shanty will do for him. And listen, what a lovely trill that is, yes that is the dear first comer's—the bluebird. Harken well, girls, in a little while he will have retired to his summer camping grounds, wide, far fields, and you won't have a chance of hearing him. He seems to come first about the cities—I heard him a month ago—then by degrees he drifts farther and farther from the haunts of men.

Why that's Hepatica; where did you find it? Over on the side of that bank, but you thought it was Liverwort? So it is: that's its pet name and bespeaks its household usefulness. In many a country home a drink prepared from its roots and leaves is used as a medicine in affections of the liver.

What a dear little flower it is. Almost our very first, and it stays with us longer than most, sometimes till the end of May in shady places.

First it is white or pale blue, later a deep azure, and quite often, towards the end of its visit, it puts on still another toilet and looks almost its loveliest in a pink gown.

Girls, girls! here's a bit of arbutus. Down on your knees and look at its loveliness. Notice this thick clump of bright leaves just showing at the edge of this heap of withered oak and maple leaves. See, the shy white blossom is barely peeping out, with one eye as it were. Yes, this sunny south-facing knoll, sheltered by this clump of bushes, is just the place for it, but you will have to look with sharp eyes. Now, however, that you know the leaves, which are generally visible enough, you can easily find the flower.

What is this little dark, glossy leaved plant with the tiny red berry? That is one of many plants called familiarly wintergreen, the fruit is called teaberry by the country folks, and that is the only name I know for it, its lovely flowers will not be out for some time.

Now let us go down to the low-lying land, though I don't think we will find much yet.

No, there is no one at home; not a violet, not even a fern showing its silvery head, but hear are the stiff upright single leaves all spotted with reddish purple, of the adder-tongued, or dog's-toothed violet; the lovely yellow flowers will not blossom for a week or more, I think.

Ah! it's time to turn homeward when the crows go in quaint process on across the sky; so black, always one by one and at quite a distance from each other, like carriages at a funeral. What put such a gloomy simile into my mind? I don't know, dear, for I think I never felt more serenely happy—perhaps it was a consequence of that unconscious mind-working that goes on all the time, and sprang from my thought of a few moments ago, that in a little while we would have the lovely Trillium, or May lily, that the Maine people so sadly call the death flower—why, I don't know.

Will I come lily seeking next week? Gladly, dear girls; through all the long reign of our wild flowers, till golden rod closes the last court "function" in late September, you may count on.

DONNA BIANCA.

Mental Excitement.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute.

Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke: Chilo, Diagoras and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip the Fifth. The doorkeeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

The Modern Terror.

He—Oh, don't decide now—don't, I beg of you! Take time to consider. Remember the happiness of my life—"

She—Do hush! For mercy's sake, stop! Wait——

"Wait? I'll wait a century if need be. Like Jacob I'll serve——

She (after rushing frantically round the room and peeping into all the corners)—He isn't here after all.

"Who—who? Oh, I have a rival—have—"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Nicefellow. I—I thought I heard my little brother in the room. Go on."

If She Was Only Strong.

"Talk about wives," said Farmer Hawbuck. "I've got one wife in a million. Why, she gets up in the mornin', milks seventeen cows and gets breakfast for twenty hard-workin' men before six o'clock, by gum."

"She must be a very robust woman, Hawbuck," remarked one of his hearers.

"On the contrairy," put in the farmer, "she is pale an' delikit-like. Gosh, if that woman was strong I dunno wha' work she couldn't do."

Dinner Dress.

After Mons. Felix, Rue de Faubourg, St. Honore, Paris. Special design of the Atrodome, King street East.

Latest American Styles

IN

BOYS' TWO AND THREE PIECE SUITS

MANUFACTURED AND CUT ON THE PREMISES.

Our Boys' Department just now is occupying a very prominent place in our business. We show a range of styles and prices equal in every particular to the largest American clothiers of the day. As a special inducement for the pleasure of the boys I am giving away to every purchaser of a Boy's Suit from $2.50 up, a beautiful Baseball Bat and Ball.

Also, just in hand a fine assortment of Boys' Hats, comprising all the latest shapes in Turbans, Knockabouts and Polos. Boys' Velvet Caps and Hats for 35c. sold elsewhere for 50c.

P. JAMIESON

THE BOYS' CLOTHIER

COR. YONGE AND QUEEN STS.

The Finest Grocery Store in Toronto

650 YONGE STREET, OPP. CHARLES

ROBT. BARRON

Who for the past seven years has conducted a very extensive Grocery Business on the corner of Charles and Yonge Streets

HAS REMOVED

to his new premises, which undoubtedly comprise the handsomest and best equipped Grocery and Provision Store in Toronto. He will be pleased to see his old friends at the new stand; also, all those who wish to buy the

FINEST GROCERIES

Fresh Butter, Eggs and Provisions, Seasonable Fruits and Vegetables, every leading brand of Canned Goods, Pickles and Sauces, all Table Delicacies and Fancy Groceries, New Stock Teas, Coffees and Cocoas of every variety.

The success which has built up this large business is owing to honest dealing, prompt service, both at the counter and in delivery. An hour after the order is left with us the goods are at your door. Our prices are always right; we sell nothing but the best and do not compete with those who deal in inferior goods.

ROBT. BARRON, 650 Yonge St.

Fashion Notes.

Accordion pleating is in high fashion at the moment, showing itself upon some of the most expensive and stylish gowns of the season.

Fringes of every length, color, and device have again been taken into universal favor. The fashion was restored by foreign women of rank early last winter, but wearing of long wraps and close fitting jackets interfered with the general adoption of these dangling accessories. They appear this season on garments of nearly every description.

Graceful and pretty home dresses are made of hunters' green or old-rose cashmere, the backs in princesse breadths and the fronts cut off at the waist line with an Empire or full-gathered vest of surah or China silk, finished with a soft sash of the same edged with deep silk fringe and knotted at the left side. The underskirt of silk is accordion-pleated, or else laid in lengthwise tucks, brier-stitched about half a yard deep. The skirt falls from thence in natural folds which flare considerably, but are held in place by the tucks above. Four or five rows of ribbons are frequently laid across the foot of the skirt. The sleeves are tucked to correspond, or the mutton leg or bishop sleeve is substituted, with ribbon rows around the deep cuffs.

Most of the new green shades combine tastefully with white, beige, or dove-gray cloth. A reed-green Chuddah gown has both sides of the skirt in green silk chalil, on which are wide bands of wide silk gimp, while on the fronts are flat sash ends of the Chuddah, finished with white silk fringe, with a rich gimp heading to match. The high Empire waist has a girdle, shoulder ornaments, and collar of the galloon.

Many of the new sleeves are shirred into a point at the armhole, a band of galloon forming a cap or jocky, a similar band concealing the seam which joins the full part to the deep cuff. There are also bishop sleeves with a Cromwellian cuff wholly covered with rich passementerie. Fulness is added to some of the coat sleeves by lengthening and widening the upper end, and pleating it around the armhole in irregular folds.

Milliners are displaying a great deal of the yellowish green which is known as "spring willow" and "chartreuse," and this is a favorite tone, but there is endless variety to select from. The palest water-green and the darkest moss and myrtle, with every intermediate shade known, are all represented, the colors of foliage, grasses, vines, and ferns being wonderfully imitated, tulle, gauze, velvet, silk, and wool, repeating each and all severally.

Stylish tailor gowns for Newport and the White Mountains are made of magnolia white faced cloth. These are variously decorated, with plain magnolia white arabesques in silk cord, in black or bronze galloons, or braided in gold or silver. The Directoire style is most generally adopted, but there are also long overdresses of the cloth simply hemmed, with slight but artistic draperies on the front, and a full straight back, or an Arabian drapery, which dispenses with all steels or cushions, however slight, at the back.

Isle of Wight silk-serge gowns in Russian blue are effectively made up with white skirt-borders and vests, overlaid with silver-embroidery. The vest is in a pointed shape, forming also the front of the collar, and terminating in a V half-way to the waist-line. Revers of the cloth are beside the vest, and extend as a flat collar back of the standing military collar. Large silver buttons fasten the front diagonally below the plastron. English yachting gowns are of cream-white serge or Russian-blue cheviot. They are made by English tailors in styles entirely different from the yachting costumes imported from Paris. A fancy for these gowns is that of a surplice waist of Chinese washing silk, this brier-stitched, and worn with a wide belt fastened with a large silver buckle.

Braces of ribbon, finished with shoulder bows and knots of falling loops and ends at the point where the braces unite at the waist are effective and dressy garnitures for summer corsages. An upright band of ribbon formed of folds, has sometimes, starting from the sides, two twisted lengths of ribbon pointed at the belt to simulate a narrow vest, from which apace rises a billow of tulle and lace, ending in a ripple of the latter round the sharp dart under which the ribbon is made to terminate.

The desire to rise above law and rule and be individual is noticeable not only in dress and its accessories, but in the matter of the coiffure. As a result there is a pleasing medley of styles in hairdressing, no one fashion seeming to lead. The emigrant twist is popular with many, especially with women who like the princesse bonnet. There are high coiffures in Cleveland, Josephine, and Pompadour styles, and low coiffures in Russian fashion accompanying the short full bang over the forehead; in Greek style, with classic fillets of gold or silver over the front of the coiffure; in Catgan fashion, with shining braids looped low on the neck; and in other styles, curled and caught with jewelled pins at the back, or arranged in many varieties of the æsthetic English order.

Dainty little dress wraps of the fabric matching the gown are still highly popular in tailor costumes for the promenade, also for country wear. These are applied principally to pretty morning toilets, with which they most frequently take the form of an Empire peleirine with a short straight back that barely passes the waist, and a long panelled or Vandyked scarf, with ends that nearly cover the front of the dress-skirt. Numberless sorts of open work tissues and lace and grenadine are also made into larger wraps than the pelerine, notably the visite with caped sleeves and tabbed fronts, which has become standard among women who object to the costly fashion of matching the wrap to each separate costume.

A novelty in garden-party hats is a large Directoire model made of light birch and rushes intertwined. A scarf of moss-green tulle surrounds the low crown, and into this is set a lovely wreath of tea roses with long stems, thorns, and shaded green leaves. In front, a cluster of the roses is mingled with stalks of lilies of the valley and loops of the green tulle. Another dress hat—a broad-brimmed Gainsborough—is made of old-rose tulle. A garland of Gloire de Dijon roses surrounds the crown, and also nearly covers the entire top. At the back is a long scarf of the tulle, with a spray of the roses hanging from it, at about the middle of its length, as if it had accidentally caught into the airy scarf by its briers and thorns in falling. The new tennis hats of straw, in all the beautiful summer colors, remain mostly in sailor shape; and for riding and yachting are bewitching little straw caps in black, white and colors, with a visor and watered ribbon band.

The Four Little Pigs.

One little pig went in the pen,
Two little pigs also;
Three little pigs then did the same,
But the fourth little pig wouldn't go;
And the man who bought those little pigs said——!——well, you know.

Wanted to Jine.

While waiting at a station in South Carolina one day I was joined by a man who carried an old fashioned satchel on his shoulder, and who had evidently walked many miles through the mud. He was fully sixty years of age, scrawny and homely, and he simply nodded to me and sat down on a bale of cotton. In about ten minutes along came a woman in home-spun, fully his age and about as homely. She had also had a long walk. She nodded to me and sat down on another cotton bale. Not a word was said between us for ten minutes. Then as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance she said to the man:

"Then, Jim, you ar' gwine off ter jine the Mormons!"

"I am, Hannah," he replied.

"An' you won't take me!"

"No."

"And I'm to be left!"

"Yes."

"And it won't do no good to argufy!"

"Not a bit."

"Wall, then, good-bye to you."

She started forward with extended arm, but passed his hand and seized the satchel and flung it thirty feet away. Then she grabbed him by the hair and they went off the platform into a mud-hole together, and as the train moved away she was on top and jamming his head into the old gold soil and saying between the jams:

"Want to jine the Mormons, do you! Want to leave the old wife who's dun lived with you forty years! Want to jine—jine—jine, you old rabbit, you!"

And fifty passengers gave her three cheers and a tiger as she got a new hold on his patriarchal whiskers.

How Artemus Ward Became a Lecturer.

Artemus Ward was undoubtedly the greatest humorist America has yet produced. He was genial and companionable, but not a great conversationalist, nor did he scatter the scintillations of his wit and humor broadcast, but, on the contrary, was modest and reticent in company, and only once in a while set the table in a roar with some dry joke, at which he never laughed himself. In fact, Artemus could not make an off hand speech at all, and even the simplest responses had to be written out and committed to memory.

It may be interesting to know how the great humorist came to take to the lecture platform, when, before his great success in that line, he had confined himself exclusively to the pen; and, as I had a finger in the pie, I will relate it. About thirty years ago there was a paper published in this city by several brothers named Stephens, called *Vanity Fair*, having for contributors such men as Thackeray, Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, Henry Stanley, and, in fact, all the literary talent of the country, with editors such as Charles G. Leland, Henry Clapp and Frank Wood; and yet it was plain that the public did not want it, and it was about to give up the ghost, when the publishers consulted me as to what they should do. My advice was to get an editor who was well known for his comic proclivities and advertise him as connected with the paper, and I declared that there were only two men in the whole country who filled the bill—John G. Saxe and Artemus Ward, whose real name I did not then know. I knew that Saxe could not be had, as he was a candidate for governor of Vermont; therefore the publishers empowered me to correspond with Artemus and offer him thirty dollars per week and traveling expenses to come to New York as the new editor. The reponse was immediately accepance, and twenty-five dollars and two weeks' salary was forwarded—he afterwards told me the offer was a godsend, as he was getting but ten dollars a week on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, as a reporter—and in a few days Browne arrived in New York and assumed the chair. The paper languished on for a few months, and then went the way of all funny papers.

One day, when this had happened, I was walking up Broadway and regretting the result, for I had become very much attached to Browne. He was talking about going back to Cleveland and resuming his old position, when I suggested to him that he try lecturing. At this he laughed, declaring himself totally unfit, not being able to speak in public at all, and having no subject. I insisted, and gave him as a subject, Ghosts, New York at the time being very much exercised over a foolish humbug got up in the newspapers and called The Twenty-seventh Street Ghost. Before we parted, Artemus had promised to write such a lecture and to meet a knot of literary and artist friends the next evening at Pfaff's, on Broadway, near Bleecker street, a noted restaurant and resort of Bohemians, and read what he had written. He came with about half his effort and for three-quarters of an hour the party was literally in a roar. He called it "A Lecture About Ghosts," and no small part of the fun was that there was not a word about ghosts in it. The next day he finished it, and then the question was to bring it out. I knew an actor, and sometimes manager, by the name of De Walden, then part of the old Wallack company, who had some money, and I managed to get him interested. He took Niblo's saloon, now the dining-room of the Metropolitan hotel, for one night, with the privilege of six. The first night, with the help of the press, we had a full house of Artemus, was a triumph, and he ran the week, clearing for himself and his manager $4,200. From that time his lecturing was a grand success, and while Artemus was more than liberal, he saved money, or, rather, he made it so fast that he could not help its accumulating in his hands. He died worth almost a hundred thousand dollars, of which he left the income to his aged mother, and after her death to found an asylum for aged and decrepit printers, to which craft he originally belonged.—*J. W. Watson in North American Review.*

How a Man Sews on Buttons.

Did you ever see a man in the solitude and privacy of his studio attempt to sew a button on by himself? It is, in all its details, one of the most interesting performances in the world.

First, he hunts for a button. Generally, to secure it he robs Peter to pay Paul, and cuts one from some other garment. This may be much larger or much smaller than the size he is wearing. Next, he hunts for a needle. Probably he goes out and buys a paper of needles. He always chooses the largest, having an impression that large needles will sew stronger than small needles.

As to the thread, he get the coarsest he can find, and this he doubles. He would thread his needle. He takes the big needle in one hand and his coarse black thread in the other; he bites off the thread to the desired length; then he tries to twist it to a fine point. Generally in this he succeeds in making two and sometimes three fine points out of one end. Of course he can't get all these points through the needle's eye at once. He tries hard to make the needle and thread get on friendly terms with each other. Sometimes it is the needle that kicks, sometimes the thread. Sometimes he really imagines he has threaded his needle. It is an ocular delusion; the thread has missed the needle's eye by half an inch. It is harder work than sawing wood.

At last the needle is threaded. Now he tries to sew the button on without taking his trousers off. This proves a failure. He twists himself into an uncomfortable position, and so would sew. But he cannot sew so. He runs the needle into his finger, and makes an inaudible exclamation. Again the needle slips into the fleshy part of the hand, which induces a very audible dash from the operator. The recording angel knows what is going on inside of him, and debits him with every item. He sews hard.

He has forgotten all about the necessity for a thimble. He jams his thumb down on the needle's head, and it punctures his thumb or runs under the nail. By and by he sews the button eye full of thread. His big needle does not pass through any more. He must stop. He ends by winding the thread as many times as it will go under the button, and perhaps he leaves off with two or three inches of thread sticking outside. A woman can, through many outward indications, tell when a man has been trying to sew on a button. He doesn't know the shibboleth of needle and thread, and it catches somewhere every time. At last the button is sewn on, and he is proud of his work.—*The Housekeeper.*

A Bad Break.

"So you want a place on the staff?" inquired the editor of a comic paper. "Have you had any experience?"

"Not on a regular paper," replied the applicant; "but I have been cracking jokes all my life."

"Umph!" returned the editor. "Any references?"

"Nobody except Miss Giggle," he answered with a blush; "she once said I was too funny for anything."

"In that case I guess you're too funny for us."

A Slight Anachronism.

During the sale of autographs by public auction, which took place last Monday at the Salle Bluff, in Brussels, the correspondence of Don Emanuel Maria Theresa with Philip II. of Spain was knocked down to the highest bidder. N.B.—The latter died in the year 1598, whereas the former was born in 1717.

Her Mamma's Exact Words.

Willie (regretfully)—I do like just awfully to kiss you, Gracie, but I fspect it wouldn't do. You know your mamma said you musn't never kiss the boys.

Gracie—Yes, that's what she said. That is, it's about what she said. I 'member just as well! She says to me, she says: "Gracie, don't you ever let me see you kissin' the boys." Mamma, she's gone over to Mrs. Bilby's."

Power of the Imagination.

A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment, also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life but the prison of the soul?

ARTISTS WHO ENDORSE THE MASON & RISCH PIANOFORTE

MME. ALBANI — Dr. FRANZ LISZT — FREDERIC ARCHER — F. H. TORRINGTON

WANTED

SQUARE PIANOS

IN EXCHANGE

FOR NEW GRANDS AND UPRIGHTS BY

DECKER BROS., and MASON & RISCH

We are daily in receipt of inquiries for second-hand Square Pianos, and stock being low, we are prepared to offer to those who may be contemplating the exchange of their instruments a trade on the most advantageous terms.

A CALL SOLICITED

MASON & RISCH'S WAREROOMS

32 King Street West and 519 Queen Street West

E. MINSHALL — Dr. J. F. BRIDGE — OTTO BENDIX — S. P. WARREN

CARPETS

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

Have now the greater part of their large importations in stock. The exhibit this season is one of the grandest they have had the pleasure of presenting to their patrons.

They have endeavored to attain a high standard of artistic excellence in originality of design and coloring, combined with the best material and workmanship, and they feel satisfied their efforts have been crowned with success.

Of Carpets made in Squares, they have a full assortment on hand. Real Turkey, Axminster Parquet, Wilton Parquet, Candahar, Afghan, Smyrna, etc. Sizes in stock, 9 x 10 feet to 12 x 15.

Any of these Carpets can be made to order any size, with fillings to match. Anglo-Indian, Kensington and the New Burmah Art Squares.

RUGS OF ALL KINDS

Persian, Mecca, Yeddo, Tanjore, Khyber, Smyrna, Daghestan, Japanese, Moquette, Mohair, ribbed, plain, fancy, etc. Skin Mats in great variety.

THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

TEMPLETON'S CELEBRATED AXMINSTER CARPETS

They have ever shown. The colorings this season are simply grand.

ROYAL AXMINSTER, PATENT AXMINSTER and MOQUETTE CARPETS, with handsome wide borders, are unsurpassed.

WILTON CARPETS—Magnificent patterings and colorings. They are introducing a new heavy cloth in Wilton at $1.60 cash, and the Cabul Wilton made for this firm is a wonder at the price---$1.25 cash.

BRUSSELS CARPETS---The largest assortment ever offered. Great improvement in designs and colorings.

TAPESTRY CARPETS---A large stock at all prices. A lot of the best cloth made at 72c. cash.

VELVET CARPETS of extra heavy qualities, almost equal to Wilton, and a lot of the regular cloth at $1 cash; usual price, $1.25.

ALL-WOOL CARPETS, in fine artistic patterns; all of English manufacture.

CHURCH CARPETS A SPECIALTY

Have in stock of the favorite pattern over 2,500 yards.

COCOA MATTING, all widths. The New Calcutta is a great favorite.
CHINESE MATTINGS, in plain and fancy, from 20c. upwards; also the new inlaid Jointless Japanese Matting.
NAPIER MATTINGS, in all widths and qualities.
OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, CORK CARPET, etc., always a large stock on hand.
Agents for the Aurora Carpet Sweeper. Thousands of them in use in Toronto.
The Value given in all Departments is not surpassed.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West - - - Toronto

Telephone 344

MARSLAND & KENNEDY

FAMILY GROCERS

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS

285 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Fine Wines for Medicinal Purposes a Specialty.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.

F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 95 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE

ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE

Liverpool via Queenstown

GLASGOW SERVICE

Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.

For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to

M. D. Murdoch & Co.

AGENTS, 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line

is patronized by Toronto's

BEST SOCIETY

Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed

A. F. WEBSTER

Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

FRANK L SANAGAN & CO.

THE NOBBY TAILORS

241 YONGE STREET

W. C. MURRAY

FASHIONABLE TAILOR

279 YONGE STREET

FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

McCAUSLAND & SON'S

SUPERIOR

STAINED GLASS AND WALL PAPER

72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

TELEPHONE - - - 1112

Dominion Stained Glass Co.

77 RICHMOND STREET WEST

Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including

Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate

Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.

Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1470.

Trunks and Valises

SATCHELS and PURSES

Best Goods. Lowest Prices

C. C. POMEROY

49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.

RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY

BY MAIL AND EXPRESS

IN

2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes

FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.

These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.

HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.

TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

FOR BUNS, ROLLS, PASTRY,

Cakes in Great Variety

GO TO

CARRICK'S

New Store
Cor. Yonge and Edward Sts.,
and 160 Bay St.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY

Telephones—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St 577

GEO EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE

PHOTOGRAPHER

Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.

40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

MOORE & CO.

Photographers - 147 Yonge St., Toronto

Views of Toronto and Vicinity. Interior and Exterior Views of Dwellings, College and other Groups a Specialty.

Mr. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

JOHN P. MILL

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing

445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE

And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER

First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.

12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

- M. McCONNELL -

46 and 48 King Street East.

Commended for Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Goulet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

THE JEWELL RESTAURANT

Jordan Street

HARRY MORGAN - Proprietor

The Leading Restaurant for Toronto City Merchants.

Game in season always on the bill of fare.

First-class Reading and Smoking Rooms, supplied with all the daily papers.

Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION

Life Association

TORONTO.

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B

Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $5.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

O. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.

Telephone 3631

MR. HIPKINS

DENTIST

ROOMS, No. 1 COLLEGE AVENUE

(Over Wood's Drug Store, cor. Yonge street.)

HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS

WATER COLORS

CRAYONS

MRS. A. S. DAVIES

and the New and Popular

OPAL AND IVORINE

Portraits a Specialty. Instructions Given. For Specimens, Terms, &c., call at

46 McGILL STREET, TORONTO

HENRI DE BESSE, Violinist

(Formerly with Prof. Hubert Leonard, of Paris, and Concert-master Edmund Singer, of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, lately first Professor of the Violin at the New York Conservatories of Music), will receive pupils in all branches of violin playing; also for the pianoforte from the beginning to the highest proficiency, after Paris and Stuttgart methods. For terms apply at studio and residence, No. 179 Church Street.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 305 Jarvis Street

MISS LIZZIE HIGGINS

Late of Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig, Germany

Teacher of Piano-forte, Harmony, Counterpoint, &c., at the Toronto College of Music, is prepared to receive pupils for private instruction at her residence,

16 CLARENCE SQUARE

PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practise. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

142 Carlton Street Opposite the Gardens

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher who has had charge of the school for the past four years is a German, educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. Mechanical playing of scales and exercises retards the intellectual part of Piano instruction, which is the foundation of a thorough and lasting education. By our method we overcome this difficulty without sacrificing technical proficiency. Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade. Private instruction at pupil's residence if preferred. For information address the Principal,

C. FARRINGER.

JULIET.

Toronto College of Music and Orchestral and Organ School

Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental and Theoretical, by exceptionally well qualified teachers. Large 3-manual Pipe Organ and capacious Music Hall. Students of Orchestral Instruments have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra of sixty performers. Vocal Students take part in a large chorus, gaining experience in Oratorio and classical works. All courses thoroughly practical, whether for professional or amateur students. All Students participate FREE in concerts and lectures on harmony, acoustics and all other subjects necessary to a proper musical education. TERMS—Class or private tuition, $5 to $30. F. H. Torrington, Director, 12-14 Pembroke St., TORONTO

Toronto Conservatory of Music

Hon. G. W. Allan, President

OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON

50 TEACHERS! Virtually all departments of Music taught from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc., also Elocution. Certificates and Diplomas. Tuition, $5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupil may enter at any date and pay only pro rata. ADVANTAGES: Board and room provided. FREE ADVANTAGES: Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. Calendar giving full information mailed on application.

There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that all correspondence for the Conservatory be addressed

EDWARD FISHER, Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

J. W. L. FORSTER PORTRAITS ART

Studio - 81 King St. East

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Ontario Academy, 47 Phœbe Street

Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.

Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus. R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1885

OSTRICH FEATHER DYERS

The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pompons, Aigrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Latest French Styles and Colors.

TURNER & BUTLER, 89 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

MISS PLUMMER

MODISTE

53 GLOUCESTER STREET

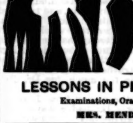
MRS. MILLER

(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)

Modiste, Dress and Mantle Maker

HAS REMOVED TO

267 SPADINA AVENUE



DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF SQUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's), the direct system without paper patterns. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dressmakers and Milliners, 372 Yonge street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 236 McCaul Street.

Coppers for Exchange

Merchants and others requiring coppers for change can always be supplied if they will call at or address.

"SATURDAY NIGHT," City.

Office of the Superintendent of Insurance

OTTAWA, 8th February, 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Commercial Travellers' Mutual Benefit Society, having complied with the requirements of the Insurance Act, has this day received a certificate of registration thereunder and is permitted to transact the business of Life Assurance on the assessment plan in the Dominion of Canada. James Sargent is Chief Agent for the Society, and the head office is established at the City of Toronto.

W. FITZGERALD,
Superintendent of Insurance

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)

OFFICE No. 72 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

THOMAS MOFFATT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

1065 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

H. & C. Blatchford

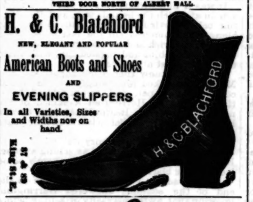
NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR

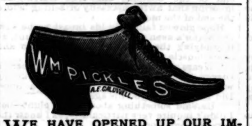
American Boots and Shoes

AND

EVENING SLIPPERS

In all Varieties, Sizes and Widths now on hand.





WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IMMENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.

326 YONGE STREET

MEDLAND & JONES

Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.

Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

TAYLOR & CO.

ART TAILORS

120½ WEST KING ST.

OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.

Perfect Workmanship and Correct Style of Dress for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Office 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto

Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.

HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. McCABE, Man'g Director.

KINDLING WOOD---SOLID PINE

13 Crates $3.00
6 " 1.50

Summer Wood $3.25 per Load

233 Queen St. West, late 56 Adelaide St. West

R. Truax

CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE

Under Government Patronage. Head Offices, Temple Building, Montreal.

Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and performed in an honorable manner. Nothing done that in any way interferes with the marital relations.

JOHN A. GROSE, Manager.

Box 1999, Montreal

Charles Brown,

Not. 33 and 35 KING ST. WEST

Coupes 75c. Carriages $1

Telephone 123.

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

The Toronto Carpet and Fluff Renovo Co. clean Carpets on the floor by the celebrated "Renovo Process."

389 1-2 Yonge Street

BELŒIL MOUNTAINS

ST. HILAIRE, P.Q.

THE IROQUOIS HOUSE

GREATLY IMPROVED. Will open for the season about JUNE 1st. Write for Descriptive Circular.

E. F. Campbell, Managing Director.

NEW FICTION

AT

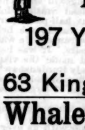
Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Bodwin's Testimony," by Mary Hallock Foote, at 20 cents; and "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL

Ask for them at your bookseller's.



Claxton's

Music Stores

197 Yonge Street

AND

63 King Street West

Whaley, Royce & Co

MUSIC DEALERS

283 Yonge St., Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"IMPERIAL" CORNETS

The best in the world, as used by MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH Canada's greatest cornet soloist and endorsed by JULES LEVY.

Everything in the music line and at the right prices. All the late publications in stock. Publishers of the Canadian Musician.

New Sacred Songs

GARDEN OF PRAYER---F and G

By VERNON REY

KING DAVID'S LAMENT---D and F

By FRANK SWIFT.

Price 50 Cents Each

TORONTO

EDWIN ASHDOWN

89 Yonge Street, and London, Eng.

Walnut, Mahogany Cherry, Birch, Flooring, Shingles, Lath, Lignumvitæ, Boxwood and Mouldings.

HILLOCK & KENT, Albert Street

"THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XVII—CONTINUED.

February had begun, the frost and snow had disappeared, and those were soft breathings of spring in the breezes that blew over the broad grassy downs beyond the Roman encampment, and the sportsmen of the neighborhood were rejoicing in open weather and lengthening daylight; but Juliet Baldwin was still at Medlow Court, and the heart of Harrington Dalbrook was heavy as he set out in the pleasant morning for some distant meet, and it was heavier as he rode home in the evening, after a day's sport which had been him only too distinctly that the black horse was not so young as he had been. He hugged himself with the delusion that those indications of advancing years which were but too obvious towards the close of a trying day across a heavy country, would vanish after a week's rest, and that the horse would show no signs of staleness at Tattersall's, where he must inevitably be sold before the end of the month, his owner seeing no other way of meeting the bill that had been given in exchange for a beast whose name should have been not Mahmud, but White Elephant.

Harrington's sole motive for buying a hunter—or, rather, his sole excuse for being trapped into the purchase—was the expectation of being able to ride to hounds in Miss Baldwin's company. She had said to him, "You ought to hunt," and he had straightway hunted, just as if he had told him to fly a balloon, he would ascend ballooned. And now Juliet Baldwin was following the hounds in another county while he was plodding along dreary roads to innocent meets at places which would seem to have been chosen with a special study of everybody's inconvenience in Dorsetshire. The whole business was fraught with bitterness. He had never loved hunting for its own sake—had never possessed the single-mindedness of the genuine sportsman, who warms not for man or country or companionships, for hunger or thirst, so long as there is a fox at the beginning of the day and blood at the end.

Juliet was out with the hounds three days a week. She wrote rapturous accounts of forty minutes here, and an hour there; and every run which she described was apparently the quickest thing that had ever been known in that country. She let him know en passant that she had been greatly admired, and that her horsemanship had been talked about. Her letters were very affectionate, but they testified also to a self-love that amounted to adoration. Her frock, her horses—provided as the young ravens are fed by a kindly Providence in the shape of casual acquaintance—her break at billiards, her waltzing were all dilated upon with a charming ease and frankness.

"It seems rather foolish to write all this egotistical twaddle," she apologized, "but you complain if I send you a short letter, and there is literally nothing to tell here—at least nothing about anyone you know; or that would have the faintest interest for you—so I am obliged to scribble about my gowns and my little social triumphs."

This was kindly meant, no doubt, but it stung him to be reminded that his friends were not her friends, that Belgravia is not further from Islington than her people were from his people.

"Why don't you put Mahmud into a hansom box and come over for a day with Blanche? It would be capital fun. There is a dear little rustic inn where you and your horse can put up—and Lady B—— would give us a dinner as a matter of course. I daresay your highly respectable hair will stand on end at some of our ways—but that won't matter. I am sure you would enjoy an evening or two at Medlow. Think about it, like a dear boy."

Harrington did think about it—indeed, from the first reading of his lady love's most ingenious invitation he thought of nothing else. After much posing over time-tables he found that trains—those particular trains which condescend to an asterisk, to convey horses—could be matched so as to convey the black horse to the immediate vicinity of Medlow Court in something under a day, and that he would so he telegraphed his intention of putting up at the Medlow Arms on the following night, taking pains to add: "Shall arrive at 8.15p.m., so as to secure the promised invitation to dinner. He had been so chary of spending money since his loan to Juliet that he had still a few pounds in hand, enough as he thought, to pay his traveling expenses and hotel bills. His heart was almost light as he packed his hunting gear and prepared for the journey. It was written in fiery characters across a spectral bill which haunted him wherever he went.

It was still early in the morning when he told himself. Some rich young fool at Medlow Court might take a fancy to Mahmud and buy him. He had heard of men who wanted to buy horses, although it had been his fate to meet only the men who were eager to sell.

After no less than three changes of trains he arrived at the Toppleford Road Station—for Medlow and Toppleton—about half-past four, weary, but full of hope. He was to see her again—after three weeks' severance. He was going at her own expense, too. It was a tact and cleverness that had made the visit easy for him. Had he not Lady Burdenshaw's invitation in his pocket, to the dinner-table, hand, sprawling over three sides of large note-paper:

"Dear Mr. Dalbrook,—I hear you are coming over for a day or two with our hounds, and I hope you will contrive to dine with us every evening while you are in the neighborhood. Your father and Sir Phillimore were old friends. Dinner at eight.

"Sincerely yours,

"SARAH BURDENSHAW."

Sir Phillimore had been in the family vault nearly fifteen years. The malicious averred that he had sought that cold and dismal shelter as a refuge and a relief from the life which Lady Burdenshaw imposed upon him in the country—open house, big shoots, hunting breakfasts, fancy balls, and perpetual gadding about. The London perpetual parties or perpetual gadding about. Sir Phillimore's grandfather had come up from Aberdeen, a boy without a penny, and had found out something about the manufacture of iron which had eventually made him a millionaire.

Sir Phillimore's fortune had reconciled the beautiful Sally Tempest to a marriage with a man who was her senior by a quarter of a century, and the only drawback to her happiness herself had been her indulgence in a boundless extravagance, and a laxity of manner which had seemed slightly shocking in the early fifties and sixties, though it left her morals unimpeached.

In the eighties nobody wondered or exclaimed at Lady Burdenshaw's freedom of speech and manner, or at the manners she encouraged in her guests. In the eighties Sarah Burdenshaw was generally described as "good fun."

Harrington found the dear little rustic inn very picturesque externally, but small and stuffy within, and the bedroom into which he was ushered was chiefly occupied by a large old-fashioned four-post bedstead, with chintz hangings that smelt of mildewed lavender—indeed, the pervading odor of the Medlow Arms was mildew. He dressed as well as he could under considerable disadvantages, and engaged a rumbling old landau, which had the local odor, and was palpably damp. This machine conveyed him to Medlow Court much quicker than he could have supposed possible from his casual survey of the horse, and at ten minutes to eight he was in Lady Burdenshaw's drawing-room.

It was a very large room, prettily furnished in a general way, but with a soft breath in it that heart was not set upon furniture. There were plenty of low luxurious chairs, covered with a rather gaudy chintz, and bedecked with bows and muslin, and there were flowers in abundance; but of human life the room was empty.

Harrington hardly knew whether he was relieved or disappointed at finding himself alone. He had leisure in which to pace the room two or three times, to arrange his tie and inspect his dress suit before one of the long glasses, and then to feel offended at Juliet's coldness. She knew that he was to be there. One night surely have contrived to be in the drawing-room ten minutes before the dinner hour.

Half a dozen people straggled in, a not too tidy looking matron in rusty velvet, a sharp-featured girl in black lace, and some men who looked sporting or military. One of these talked to him.

"I think you must be Mr. Dalbrook," he said, after they had discussed the weather and the state of the country.

"You are quite right—but how did you guess?"

"Miss Baldwin told me you were coming, and I don't think there's anyone else expected to-night. Do you know your hostess?"

"I am waiting for that privilege."

"Ah! that's one of her peculiarity. Nobody is ever punctual at Medlow. Eight o'clock means half-past, and sometimes a quarter to nine. Lady Burdenshaw has reached her sixtieth year without having arrived at a comprehension of the nature of time, as an inelastic thing which will not stretch to suit the convenience of even the most fascinating of women. She still believes in the elasticity of an hour, and rushes off to her room to dress when she ought to be sitting down to dinner. Her girl friends follow her example, and seldom leave the billiard-room or the tea-room till dear Lady B. leads the way."

A whole bevy of ladies entered the room rather noisily at this moment, and among them appeared Juliet, magnificent in a red gown, and as fair of skin as the milky whiteness of her shoulders.

"Rather a daring combination—white red hair," remarked the young man in black, who was sitting on a narrow *causeuse* with a large man, whose white moustache and padded chest looked cavalier.

"You may call the lady a harmony in red," said the gentleman.

Harrington scowled upon these prattlers, and then crossed the room to greet his love. Yes, it was a daring combination, the scarlet gown with the ruddy tints in her auburn hair, but the audacity was justified by success. She looked a magnificent creature, dazzling as Vashti in her Eastern splendor, invincible as Dalilah. Who could resist her?

She gave her hand to Harrington, and seemed pleased to see him, but in the next moment he saw her looking beyond him towards the end of the room. He turned instantly following the direction of her eyes, and saw the man who had talked to him evidently watching them. He was a middle-aged man, handsome, tall, and upstanding, and with an air which Harrington considered decidedly patrician.

"Who is that man by the piano?" he asked.

"Major Swanwick, Lord Beaulieu's younger brother."

"Ah, I thought he was a swell," said Harrington, innocently. He would never be so just now. You might have been in the drawing-room a little earlier, Juliet. You must have known that I was longing to see you."

"My dear boy, I was so tired of the billiard-pool till five minutes to eight. I had no idea you were in the house. Ah, here comes Lady B."

A fat, fair, faxen-haired lady in a sky-blue tea gown swirled into the room and bustled out into the room, murmuring apologies for having kept people waiting for their dinner.

"I know you are hungry, and terribly ravenous," she said; "and after all that's so much better than feeling that dinner has come too soon after luncheon."

Juliet introduced her friend, who was most graciously received.

"How is your father?" asked Lady Burdenshaw. "I haven't seen him—more than twenty years I believe. Sir Phillimore bought some land in your county, and Mr. Dalbrook came down for him in his motor, and he still receives the rents. And so you are going out with the hounds to-morrow? They meet quite near—not more than seven or eight miles from Medlow Inn. And you will show you the way across country. She's always in the first flight; but if you want to know her particular talent you should see her pick a hunting morning, and wishing himself in his comfortable room in the good old house in Cornhill, where he had ample space and all things needful to a luxurious toilet. He got himself dressed somehow. He was in the saddle at nine o'clock, after a breakfast for which he had no appetite.

The day was long, dreary ride to the little roadside in at which the hounds met, and Harrington being particularly punctual, had to jog long enough in discomfort till the last comer, Major Swanwick and another man from Medlow overtook him and regaled him with their talk for the rest of the way.

"I think I know that black horse," said the Major, who looked provokingly well in his red coat, chimney pot, and cream colored tops, interrupting Harrington's anxious inquiries. He rose at seven, unrefreshed, heavy-hearted, detesting chanticleer, cloudy skies, and all the ghastly sensations of

room. If I were to tell you about our doings at Medlow I shou'd only bore you."

"Not at all. I should be very pleased to hear how you amuse yourself. Is Major Swanwick still there?"

"Yes; he is still there."

He saw that her cheeks crimsoned as she answered his question, and he wondered whether she had really any *penchant* for the Major, or whether she suspected his jealous apprehensions upon that subject. She got up to go before he could question her further.

"I shall be late for luncheon," she said, "and Lady B. hates any of us to be absent!"

"I thought there was no such thing as punctuality at Medlow!"

"Oh, we are pretty punctual at luncheon. It's the hungry hour, and we are all ravenous. Good bye."

"*Au revoir.* You will come to-morrow, love; and come earlier, I hope."

"*Pas possible.* I shall be out with the hounds."

"Another blank day for me. But don't disappoint me in the evening, whatever the weather may be."

She was gone, leaving him doubtful of her fidelity, though far from suspecting the extent of her falsehood.

He endured the long, dull day as best he might, and improved his mind by skimming all the books which Lady Burdenshaw had sent him, which were really the cream of Mudie's last supply—travels, memoirs, gossip, magazines—books chosen with a view to the masculine mind which was supposed to be indifferent to fiction. Evening came at last, his lamp was lighted, his fire swept and garnished. The hunting party would be jogging homeward in the wintry darkness he thought. There were three hours to wait before half-past nine, when was the earliest time at which he could expect his beloved.

It was a little after the half hour, when his heart began to beat faster at the sound of carriage wheels. This time he was going to disappoint him. He listened for her step upon the stair—the firm, quick tread he knew so well; but it was another step would now be heard, a slower and heavier tread, with much rustling of silken draperies. It must be Lady Burdenshaw come to chaperon her.

It was Lady Burdenshaw, but alone. She came in and drew near his sofa with a serious countenance.

"Great God!" he cried, starting up from his reclining position; "is anything the matter? An accident in the hunting field! Is she hurt?"

"No, my poor fellow, she is not hurt. It would take a great deal to hurt her. She's too hard. But she has done her best to hurt you."

"What do you mean?"

"She has gone off with that audacious camp.

"Major Swanwick!"

"Yes. Did you suspect anything?"

"I thought there was an understanding between them."

"They went off together early this morning; walked five miles to the station, leaving their luggage to be looked after by their servants, who had received their instructions and got everything packed and off by the one o'clock train for London. I got this telegram late in the afternoon from Salisbury:—

"Major Swanwick and I were married at two o'clock, before the Registrar. We start for Monte Carlo to-night. Please break it to Harrington, and forgive me for going away without telling you. We thought better of dispense with all fuss.—Yours, lovingly, Juliet Swanwick."

"God help this infatuated girl. She has married a scoundrel without a penny. He behaved brutally to his first wife, and he is not very likely to treat this one any better. I'm very sorry I ever had them in my house together. He was an old flame, and he had lost her more than one good match by his equivocal attentions. As to you, my dear young fellow, I congratulate you upon a very lucky escape.

Harrington put his hand before his eyes to hide the tears of mortification and wounded love. Yet, even while the sense of disappointment was keenest, he had a feeling that Lady Burdenshaw was right, and that he had escaped a lifelong martyrdom. How could he, with his limited means, have ever satisfied a woman who lived only for pleasure and excitement, dress and dissipation? Juliet had been very frank with him during their brief courtship, and he had seen enough of her character to know that this splendid creature was not of the stuff that makes a good wife for a professional man with his struggles all before him. He was sorry, he was angry, he was wounded to the quick, but in the midst of it all he felt that there was a burden lifted off his mind, and off his life—that he could breathe more freely, that he was no longer overweighted in the race.

Lady Burdenshaw stopped with him for an hour, and told him a good many small facts to his charmer's discredit, although he begged her more than once to desist. It was her only idea of comforting him, and it may be that her efforts were not misdirected.

He was surprised on the following afternoon by a visit from his father, who was not satisfied with Lady Burdenshaw's report of his condition. Touched by this evidence of paternal affection the young man took heart of grace and made a full confession—first of his engagement, and next of his pecuniary obligations—the acceptance so soon to fall due, the twenty pounds borrowed from Hayfield.

"I can pay that very easily out of my allowance," he said, "I only tell you about it to show what a mean hound I was becoming."

"You were very hard driven, my poor boy. You had been unlucky enough to fall in love with an unprincipled woman. You may thank Providence for having escaped a life of misery. Such an alliance as that would have wrecked your future. I would rather you married a housemaid with a good character than such a woman as Juliet Baldwin. However, there are plenty of nice girls in your own sphere, thank God, and plenty of pretty girls with unblemished character and antecedents."

Harrington went back to Dorchester with his father next day, and the acceptance was promptly honored when it was presented at the house in Cornhill.

Sir Henry had cashed it at the local bank almost immediately after it passed into his possession, and the bank had regarded the document as good value for their money, Matthew Dalbrook being very unlikely to allow his son's signature to be dishonored.

(To be Continued.)

An Effective Mule Invigorator.

While traveling in Virginia some time ago with a doctor we came upon an old colored man who was standing by a mule hitched to an old two-wheel vehicle. "Dis mule am balked, boss," said the old man; "an I'll jis gib a dollah to de man what can start 'im."

"I will do it for less than that, uncle," said the doctor. He took his case from the carriage and selected a small syringe, which he filled with morphia. He went to the side of the mule and quickly inserting the syringe in his side pushed the contents into the animal. The mule reared upon his hind legs and giving an astonishing bray started down the road at a break-neck speed. The aged colored man gave a look of astonishment at the doctor, and with a loud "Whoa!" started down the road after the mule. In the course of ten minutes we came up to the old man standing in the road waiting for us. The mule was nowhere in sight.

"Say, boss," said the darky, "how much you charge for dat stuff you put in dat mule?"

"Oh, ten cents will do," laughingly replied the doctor.

"Well, boss, heah is twenty cents. Squirt some of dat stuff in me. I must ketch dat ar mule."

Waiter—*Bon jour, monsieur.* The bill of fare is very rich to-day.

Strappe—Is it? Well, that's more than I am; give me a couple of boiled eggs.

Trying To Be Too Good.

Celia had "got religion." There was no doubt of that. There was at least no doubt of it at all in Celia's own mind. Not that she was at all a young person given to undue opinions of her own merits and spiritual status. Only, it did not seem to her that life had ever contained for her moments such as she had experienced within the last fortnight. She could not have expressed herself clearly; but she was dimly conscious of an accession of vitality, of sensations thrilling and new, of a bodily condition in which she appeared endowed with wings.

How was this poor child to know that half of the mystic feelings which awed while they entranced her were the fruits of outward conditions working on her sensitive young nerves—innocently, pathetically sensuous feelings, in short? For eighteen years she had lived twenty miles inland from the sea, yet had never seen it. And now it lay shimmeringly, mysteriously, vastly blue before her—gleaming in the sun all day, bearing across its expanse a path of silver moonbeams by night. It was the sea which had always been associated with the thought of Jim—Jim, who at this moment, probably, was drawing in the nets on one of those fishing smacks far, far out there in the blue distance. But Celia felt that she must not think too much of Jim just now.

She looked up at the spreading tops of the great cathedral pines, towering solemnly aloft in the still August afternoon. They formed shaded alleys and sylvan amphitheatres throughout the camp meeting grounds. Every morning and evening these verdant aisles and circles echoed to the exortations of revivalists known for their perfervid eloquence wherever, along our Atlantic seaboard, places have been established for the special business of dealing in religion by the gross.

The small boarded cottages nestling in the stately umbrage of these gigantic Maine trees were filled with souls anxious to profit by the spiritual riches and grace that to Celia seemed afloat in the very air of this sacred spot. The last meetings would now be held in a day or two, and Celia was asking herself how she should ever be able to leave the scene of so much that was unforgettable to her. Her clasped hands lay upon her knees, her soft rapt eyes were turned upward. In her young fresh beauty she was like some rustic saint, some Joan of Arc listening to the voices.

It may be that this was not exactly the picture which presented itself to the imagination of Brother Gaskell, as he strolled by; yet he looked at the fair, ingenuous face very hard. And Celia, glancing up, colored under the look, without knowing why, to the roots of her brown hair.

There was a glorious moon that night—a moon which poured its white light on the sea and struggled for supremacy with the electric lights that turned, inside the camp meeting grounds, the leaves of the great trees to a sharp metallic green.

And Jim stood waiting at the gate for Celia. Now Jim was an honest young fellow, strictly sober as a rule and in all senses trustworthy. But that evening he had allowed himself to take a drink with the "boys"—only one, and he was really not the worse for it—and his temper was a little less serene than was its wont. It was for this reason, chiefly, that when Celia came toward him without the customary greeting and looking a trifle pale and unearthly, the sound, healthy worldliness of the young fellow sharpened into an irritable impatience, the cause of which was not thoroughly clear to himself.

"Well, Celia, ain't you got somethin' else but a hand-shake for me?" he asked, aggrievedly.

She shook her head with a distressed mien.

"I can't make out as it's exactly right, Jim."

"As what's exactly right?"

"To—to care so much for the creature."

"You've got camp-meetin' crazy, Cely!" flung out the young man. "Who's been jawin' to you?"

She drew herself up.

"Brother Gaskell said——"

"Look-a-here," interrupted Jim, scowling ominously and seizing her arm, "I tain't the first time that you've brought this Brother Gaskell up to me! Every time I've seen you this two weeks past it's Brother Gaskel at every other word. Now I want to know about this. What's this fellow to you, any way?"

He was close to her, his angry eyes questioning her face indignantly.

He ain't anything to me but the best man and the best minister that ever lived!" cried Celia. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself for your thoughts, Jim Pierce! And for drinking too! For you've been drinking. I know it! And you promised me you never would! I guess I wouldn't talk so sharp of good, God-fearing believers if I was a man that couldn't keep sober and decent myself!"

Poor Celia! The words were hardly spoken before she realized their import. She stopped, cowed and trembling. What would Jim do?

He did a very simple thing. He lifted his cap with dignity. He turned away.

"If that's what you think of other men that I ain't a-going to mention and of me it's no use for me to stop here any longer."

And he was gone.

That night Celia cried herself to sleep. Still her sense of dignity, of being in the right, kept her up. It was not she who had brought about the quarrel. What right had Jim to talk as he had done? And then it went through her mind that perhaps it would be a sacrifice acceptable in the sight of the Lord if she'd relinquish the thought of Jim altogether. It might be the Heavenly will.

The next day she sat very pensively at the morning services. She did not lift up her voice in the singing, but she listened to the exhortations to sinners with a queer new sense that they were not quite meant for her, that she had achieved some little measure of sanctification on her own account.

The sun had gone under a cloud early, and had not again emerged. It was sultry and oppressive; the sea was of a sullen gray, dashed with green.

"There is a storm coming," said someone, looking up at the canopy of pines. It seemed motionlessly to be waiting for something.

Celia sat apart by herself. She started when the first peal of thunder came.

"Are you afraid?" asked a voice at her elbow. It was Brother Gaskell.

"No."

"We should never know fear. There is One above us who shelters each chosen lamb under the protection of His wings."

He sat down beside her. He was a tall man with a morbidly white skin and hair that verged on red. He had an unctuous voice and long supple hands. His eyes had a curious instance in looking at her. Was it the influence of the storm in the air? Was it the climax to her overwrought condition of the past two weeks? Little Celia, who in all her wholesome life had not known what it was to be nervous, was seized with a trembling, shrinking sensation. It had grown quite dark. The vivid flashes of lightning played at quick intervals into the leafy recesses of the grounds and showed her Brother Gaskell's white face close to her own.

What was he saying now? She scarcely knew. She by a sudden, miraculous revulsion of mood no longer cared to hear the words expounded by this enlightened disciple of it. A poignant thought of Jim came to her.

The storm was full upon them now. With a strong effort she was about to rise, to move away. But a firm pressure held her back. A long, quivering flash of light again showed her Brother Gaskell's countenance, curious, most curious, in expression; and as it grew dark again Celia felt the pressure of two lips on hers.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, violently, furiously. The lightning blinded her; the peals of thunder deafened her. She was drenched to the skin. And yet she dashed on out of the camp-meeting grounds, suddenly grown shudderingly abhorrent, down through the heavy dark roads toward the beach, toward a little settlement of fishermen's houses she knew. Here, never pausing to take breath, she pushed against a door and flung herself in crying:

"Jim!"

An elderly woman sprang up.

"Good land o' Moses!" her voice rang out sharply, "What's the matter, Cely? I thought you was your own ghost!"

"Jim! Is he here?" repeated the girl.

"No; Jim ain't to home. An' 'tain't likely he'll be to home to-night," said Jim's mother with the grim prescience of a daughter and wife and mother of sailors and fisherfolk. "Set down and git dry."

But Celia had no thought of this. She read something ominously significant in Mrs. Pierce's weatherbeaten face. Jim's mother turned to the door ever and anon.

"I ain't seen sech a storm for ten year," she said, with the calmness of experience. "An' Jim didn't go away himself rightly this morn-in,' she added irrelevantly. "Somethin' must ha' crossed him last night."

Oh, miserable little Celia, sitting there with a quaking heart!

Presently Mrs. Pierce bound about her head an old shawl. The wind beat so strenuously against the cottage walls that every plank creaked. At every moment there seemed a risk of the feeble little structure and its inmates being blown out to sea.

"I am going out to Gabe Peel's," she said. Gabe Peel was the oldest fisherman on the coast. He would know what to think of the chances for the safety of any craft caught in such seas as were now thundering in.

Celia could scarcely hear her words for the roaring without—for the mad swishing of the rain. Where were all her spiritual experiences now? She could not pray—she could not think. She sat, her hands clasping her knees, her eyes straining out of her white face, and waited for Mrs. Pierce's return.

Jim's mother was long coming, and when she came she brought no comfort with her. This Celia saw by her face. But nothing much was said.

After a time the elder woman sank on her knees, but still Celia sat motionless as before.

The night wore away. Toward morning the wind sank. The dawn broke grayly over a troubled, tossed, billowing stretch of waste waters. Gabe Peel, his sou'wester over his eyes, stood by the sands peering out. Presently he lifted his hand and pointed toward some floating object. A spar? or what? Then by degrees, as the light grew stronger, such dark objects became more frequent.

Some of the men began to bestir themselves. Wreckage! Aye; there would be wreckage enough after this night's work.

But Jim's mother said nothing. She seemed to have grown many years older since the night's watch. She had seen her husband go out one morning never to return; she had watched for three sons through such hours of tempest as those just passed, and not one had come back with the morning's dawn. And Jim was the youngest—and the last.

"And always a good son and always a steady one," said the mother once, drawing the worn shawl tighter about her worn cheek.

And then, suddenly, there was a great cry. What was this? Celia had hurled herself from the watching group and was speeding like the wind along the sandy beach.

Gabe Peel gave a low oath.

"It 'tain't Jim himself then I'll be——!"

And Jim it was. Jim who had got to shore safely many miles up the coast in anticipation of the storm the day before, and had been walking since before daybreak to make his way home.

. . . . . .

Celia is a plump little wife now and the mother of a boy whom she calls Jemes, since it is puzzling to have two Jims in the house.

She lives within sight of the camp meeting grounds, but she never enters them. Her husband has some current joke on the subject, to which he alludes from time to time. But Celia is very chary of words on this topic.

"Camp meetin's are good for those that likes them," she says. "But I don't. Leastwise I don't now. People oughter be as good as they kin. But tryin' to be too good sometimes ain't jest successful—I don't know why."

Spring Fancies.

It is said that William Tell shuddered when he shot the apple from his boy's head, because the dear boy had such an arrow escape.

A woman is reported to have confessed to marrying eight husbands. There are not many women who possess her power to fasten eight men.

A joker tells of a capitalist so timid that he will not let well enough a loan without good security.

Gladleigh—Did your wife bring you much when you married her?

Sadleigh—More than I wanted. She brought her mother.

Lady—Has anyone called while I have been out?

Cook—Yes'm; August Pommermann was here.

Lady—I don't know the gentleman.

Cook—Not likely, ma'am. He only came to see me.

Pater (despairingly)—My son, you have no mental stamina at all. Can't you realize the necessity of will power?

Offspring—I can. I do. There's Charlie Dooless, always in debt and out at the elbows until his governor died and left him ten thousand a year. Will power is a glorious thing in a father.

Bessie—The De Passee girls this summer are going to the Sulphur Springs.

Tessie—I try to make matches, I suppose.

Diner-out—Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar button in my soup.

Waiter—Yes, sah—you's de lucky man. We has prize soup on Mondays an' Wednesday. A harnsome gift in every twentieth plate, sah.

Bachelor Friend (inspecting a recent arrival)—That's a monstrously small affair, Jack, to make such a dreadful racket.

Happy Father—You must remember, old fellow, that it is quality, not quantity, which counts in a baby.

In an agricultural shop:

Muttonbedde—Poor devil! You've poisoned a whole family by putting up the wrong prescription, eh! I don't wonder you look blue!

Apothecary—I don't care so much about that. But you see, they'll say I did it from ignorance. That's what cuts me up.

Jack Goeasy—Thunder! I lost ten dollars this morning.

Hollis Hodworthy—Hard luck! How did you do it?

Jack Goeasy—Went up to borrow ten of Boylston Gray, and he was out, confound it!

Mr. Cranker—I should like to get your opinion, Mr. De Tanque, as to the best method of treating dipsomaniacs.

De Tanque—Ask them what they'll have.

Wrox—The man who commits bigamy is necessarily selfish.

Pilox—How so?

Wrox—He has always to look out for No. 1, you know!

McSweeny—Who did you say that fellow was forsinst us?

McPheeney—O'Sullivan, to be sure, the great actihor.

McSweeny—Faith, if he's a star on the stage he's an ass to roide in a street car.

Housecleaning Time.

LADIES!

LOOK HERE!

What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?

For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

I. PICOT

PARIS, FRANCE.

PERFECTION IN HOT WATER HEATING

NEW GURNEY BOILER

The Best, Most Perfect and Economic Heater Ever Invented

Has no equal for heating Private Dwellings, Public Buildings, Greenhouses and Conservatories

MANUFACTURED BY

The E. & C. Gurney Co., Toronto

Send for our Pamphlet on Hot Water Heating

CUTLERY

SILVER PLATED WARE

KEYSTONE EGG BEATERS

Agate Ware and Retinned Goods

IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

General House Furnishings

HARRY A. COLLINS

90 YONGE STREET

KINDLING WOOD

DRY

Delivered prices, C. O. D., viz:

15 Crates, $2; 8 Crates, $1; 3 Crates, 60 cents

Send post card or call at YEILL & HARVIE'S, 20 Sheppard Street. Telephone No. 1070.

B. SPAIN'S

TEMPLE OF FASHION

455 Queen Street West

For the next thirty days we will clear out our stock of $4 and $5 pantings at $3.50.

This is the best offer in the city. We must get rid of them to make room for our spring importations. Got up in our usual good style of workmanship and fit. Call and see them.

455 QUEEN ST. WEST.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)

Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS.

Sick Headache, &c.

OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPRING 1889

Now arriving new designs in

Plush, Toilet and Fancy Boxes,

Leather Dressing and Jewelry Cases, Desks, Stationery Cases, Writing Pads Cuffs and Collar Boxes, Hair, Cloth and Hat Brushes, Combs, Etc., also a stock of Fancy Baskets and Christmas Hampers.

PRICES RIGHT!

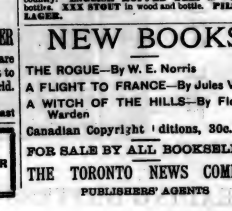
Call and Inspect our Stock

H. E. CLARKE & Co

TRUNK AND BAG MANUFACTURERS

105 KING STREET WEST

OUR CELEBRATED "GOLD LABEL" IS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY



O'KEEFE & CO.

Brewers, Maltsters & Bottlers

SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottles. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

NEW BOOKS

THE ROGUE—By W. E. Norris

A FLIGHT TO FRANCE—By Jules Verne

A WITCH OF THE HILLS—By Florence Warden

Canadian Copyright Editions, 30c. Each

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY

PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

ENORMOUS PURCHASE OF FINE DRY GOODS

McKEOWN & COMPANY

Have made a large purchase of Fine Dry Goods from the Trustees of the estate of Charles Morton & Co. (wholesale), of Montreal, in liquidation, and will for the next ten days offer the most extraordinary bargains in Dress Goods, Cashmeres, Henriettas, Merveilleux, Plushes, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Cottons, Prints, Shirtings, Sheetings, Table Linens, Lace Curtains, White Quilts, Cretonnes, Shaker Flannels, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Jerseys, Parasols, Umbrellas, &c., &c

The above goods were all bought about half the regular wholesale prices and must be cleared out at once. We also offer great bargains in our regular stock of Fine Imported Goods at same time. Superior Dress and Mantle making our specialty.

McKEOWN & COMPANY - - - 182 Yonge Street

ELLIOTT & SON

WALL PAPERS

RELIEF ORNAMENTS

STAINED GLASS

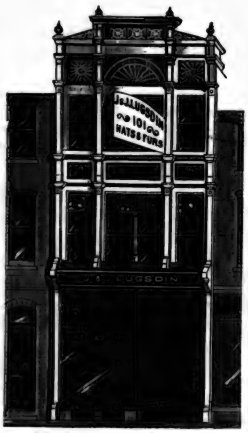
The Newest Designs and Lowest Prices

ELLIOTT & SON

94 and 96 Bay Street

110 YONGE STREET

THE PALATIAL HAT STORE



ALL THE NEWEST STYLES OF THE SEASON

LEADING HATTERS AND FURRIERS

AT THE PUNCH A

R. J. Lloyd

247 Yonge St., opp. Trinity Square

TELEPHONE 295

CATERER

LATE OF LLOYD BROS.

HAS OPENED

A FIRST-CLASS

Lunch Parlor and Catering Establishment

AT ABOVE ADDRESS

Dinner Parties, at Homes, and Families Supplied with Cakes, Jellies, Ices, Charlotte Russe, Salads and Ice Cream, and all requisites on short notice

WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER

A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cake, etc., made fresh daily.

247 Yonge Street, opp. Trinity Square Telephone 295

J. F. PEASE FURNACE COMPANY

"ECONOMY"
Wrought Steel Plate Warm Air Furnaces

The Most Perfect Heater Yet Invented! One fire generates both steam and warm air.

151, 153, 155 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont., and Syracuse, N. Y.

ECONOMY FURNACES

OVER 40,000 NOW IN USE

YEARS IN ADVANCE OF ANY OTHER FURNACE MADE

The Weak Imitations Attempted by Unprincipled Competition Prove Our Success

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC

You will find it to your advantage to call and inspect our Furnaces, or send for Catalogue before buying any other.

The Most Powerful, Economical and Durable Purpose Heater. Fuel saved in fuel. Positively no gas. No dust.

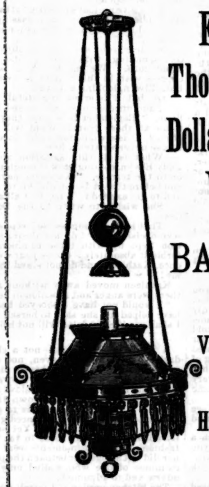
"ECONOMY"
Combination Steam and Warm Air Heater

PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

SPECIAL SALE

GREAT REDUCTIONS

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY



Five Thousand Dollars Worth

OF

BABY CARRIAGES

EXPRESS WAGONS

Velocipedes, Dolls Carriages

CHILDREN'S CRADLES

High Chairs, Nursery Chairs, Etc.

TO BE SOLD THIS WEEK

GAS FIXTURES and LAMP GOODS

At Reduced Prices

RANGES, STOVES

And House Furnishings

AT A REDUCTION OF 10 PER CENT.

Get our prices, before buying, for Door and Window Awnings, and American Oiled Blinds.

JOHN MILNE & CO.

THE HOUSE FURNISHERS

GAVIN BROWNE, Manager

Entrances: 169 Yonge Street and 3 and 5 Queen Street East

TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI

YATISI

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y

Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

TOVEL & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS
COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE

FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION

Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.

ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

BINGHAM'S PHARMACY
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

For Sale by all Leading Druggist.

A. B. McBRIDE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.
Room C. 16 Victoria street, Toronto.
Money to loan

MISS BURNETT, Removed to 117 Yonge Street

Artistic and Original Hats and Bonnets

From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York.

Elegant designs in Walking, Dinner and Tea Gowns. Experienced fitter.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

SPECIAL MASTER IN EACH DEPARTMENT

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowly, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESEAVED.

CHAPTER V.

"You must acknowledge, Adelaide, that she is charming."

"She is certainly much less objectionable than I feared she might be. Well, yes, I do not mind owning that her looks and manners were an agreeable surprise to me; at the same time, the word 'charming' implies a great deal more than I am prepared to admit. She lacks repose."

"You cannot expect everything. It often strikes me that even your perfect Lucille—"

"Ah, do not bring Lucille into the discussion, I beg of you!"

The speakers were Lord and Lady Elwyn. They were slowly walking up and down the terrace walk that overlooked the gardens at Clortell Towers. It was a fortnight since Kathleen's arrival, and already the stumbling jealousy of the father for his child and of the aunt for the niece who had been, as she considered, thrust aside in favor of a stranger had burst forth more than once between the two.

Beneath them in the garden Lucille and her lover were playing lawn tennis together; whilst Kathleen, with perfect sweetness and good temper, was performing for them the somewhat servile office of picking up their stray balls. Miss Maitland, in a fetching costume of white flannel and pale pink silk, skimmed gracefully across the ground, "serving" and catching her balls with ease and dexterity. Sir Adrian was always on his mettle when she was his adversary, for she was an excellent player, and had won the champion cup at the late county tournament. There was no effort about her play. She did not become breathless and dishevelled, as so many women do—she never got red and hot; she seemed to fly from side to side with all the grace and dexterity of a bird; and her beauty was only enhanced and heightened by her healthful exercise. Kathleen looked at her with envy. She too was young and graceful and active; a few hints and a little practice would, she felt certain, soon enable her to play too; but Lucille had never even suggested such a thing to her.

"You can pick up the balls for us if you like," she had said to her carelessly the first day; "we had gone out to watch their game; and Kathleen had been only too glad to be of use to the scornful beauty who took so little notice of her.

"Look out!" cried Lucille.

The little white ball went flying into the air far away above Adrian's head, and dropped a long way beyond the tennis-lawn into the middle of a bed of rhododendrons.

Kathleen ran like a deer, and soon was busily engaged in hunting for it amongst the dark-green foliage. Some one came up behind her.

"I wish you would not tire yourself over these stupid balls. I can't bear to see you running about after them. Why should I not send for the gardener's boy, who always did this drudgery before you came?"

"Oh, but I like it, Sir Adrian—I really do!" she said, while they were both beating about amongst the plants.

"Come back, Adrian!" cried Lucille from the lawn. "Kathleen can surely find it! Don't waste any more time."

But Sir Adrian did not obey her.

"If you only knew how I hate seeing you treated like a servant!" he said in a low voice.

They were very close together. Suddenly Kathleen looked up and met his eyes. Something—she never afterwards could have told what it was—set her heart beating and her pulses throbbing in a strange unaccustomed fashion. There shot swiftly up from her a sting of that "pain that is well-nigh pleasure, and that pleasure that is nearly pain," through every nerve of her whole body; her sight became dim and misty with the intensity of it.

Sir Adrian Deverell could never endure to see anything suffer; he did not pause to understand that it was his very kindness which hurt her.

"My poor little girl," he said softly, with a great tenderness in his hazel eyes, "are you unhappy? I am so sorry! I would do anything on earth to help you! Will you not look upon me as your friend?"

"Oh, you are so kind—so good!" murmured poor Kathleen, struggling with her tears.

"They are all so cold and hard to me, so different from everybody I have known all my life; but you—you are the only one who ever says a kind word to me!"

"Will you tell me all about it—not now"—with a half nervous glance back at the tennis-ground—"but this evening perhaps? We could have a talk—I always smoke in the kitchen-garden late, after you have all gone to bed. The nights are so warm and the moon is so lovely, you might slip out perhaps by the gun-room window, and we will talk it all over, and I will see what can be done to make you happier."

"Are you never going to find that wretched ball?" here said an angry voice from behind them than the young man quite appreciated, as Lucille, with a thunder-cloud upon her brow, came across the lawn towards the rhododendron-beds.

"Here it is!" said Kathleen, holding it up—she had held it in her hand for several minutes.

There was a guilty, "caught-out" look upon Sir Adrian's face. He began to make a great many excuses—the shrubs were so extraordinarily thick, the ball was so extraordinarily small; it was a mistake to leave them; better to find them at once; if left, one lost the place where they fell.

"Don't you think you had better drop all that, Adrian?" said Lucille drily, as they walked back side by side towards the nets. "*Qui s' excuse s' accuse*, you know; and, as I cannot suppose you have the bad taste to prefer the society of a little underbred rustic like Kathleen Elwyn to that of your affianced wife you should waste your breath in trying to explain to me that you do not."

Something in this speech rubbed him horribly the wrong way, and yet there was nothing for it but to hold his tongue. He longed to cry out indignantly that Kathleen was no "underbred rustic," but the sweetest and loveliest maiden on earth, a hundred times more winning and more charming than she who so harshly found fault with her. But what was a man to do—a man who was bound hand and foot to a beautiful imperious creature whom he believed that he loved, and yet whom he secretly stood in awe of!

Like ninety-nine men out of a hundred, Sir Adrian Deverell was a moral coward. Lucille, with her strong will and haughty nature, ruled him with a rod of iron—he was her slave, and no marriage ceremony read over them would ever turn him into either "lord" or "master."

Kathleen, seeing that the game seemed over, and that the lovers sauntered away together across the lawn, went slowly towards the house. Sir Adrian had told her to meet him that evening in the kitchen garden. Her heart beat a little wildly at the remembrance of his words. No thought of disloyalty to her lover entered her head; he had already become to her in two short weeks something so far above every other human being she had ever known, such a very king amongst men, that anything which he told her to do was an absolute decree, not to be disputed or hesitated about. Nor did it trouble her that there might possibly be some indecorum in such a meeting at such an hour, for to the girl brought up in all the freedom of country life to steal out when others were in bed was no great matter. Often she had crept forth at Mayfield in the dawn of a summer day, and wandered by herself in the dew-dripping meadows to gather mushrooms and to see the sun rise over the hill; and a moonlit night was as reasonable time to her for a solitary ramble as any other. She did not think it would be a breach of any law, human or divine, to walk with Adrian in the garden that night. Only a sweet sense of vague excitement stirred within her, a strange opiate-lulling delight, such as she could put no name to nor account for in any manner.

As she came dreamily up the terrace steps she encountered her father and her stepmother.

"You look flushed and untidy, Kathleen," said Lady Elwyn severely. "There are visitors coming to tea; you had better go to your room—you are unfit to be seen."

"Wait a moment, my dear," said her father. "I have not seen you all day. Did you have your riding-lesson this morning?"

"Yes, papa."

"And are you getting on?"

Lady Elwyn went into the house. Kathleen stood before her father demurely with downcast eyes. Always in his presence he thought of her mother whom he had been afraid to acknowledge, and she remembered that he had for years disowned and discarded herself. It made her cold and hard to him.

"Are you happy with us, Kathleen?" asked Lord Elwyn a little anxiously.

"Not very," said the girl, raising her eyes.

The answer disturbed him. This young censor, with disapproval in her blue eyes, made him feel very uncomfortable at times.

"Are you sorry you are not my daughter. How is that? Surely you have everything you want here?"

"Everything, thank you, papa—only I am a stranger!"—and there was a reproach in the word.

"Oh, that will mend itself! You will soon learn to be one of us—you see you are very ignorant, my dear."

"Yes," said the girl quietly—"but is that my fault?"

Lord Elwyn bit his lip.

"Tell me, Kathleen," he said, after a moment's pause—"is there any wish of yours ungratified here—anything you would like to make you happier?"

"Yes—give me leave to write to the Dobsons," she replied eagerly, a flush passing over her face. "Lady Elwyn has forbidden me to write to them."

"My dear, your step-mother objects to your corresponding with them; she thinks it injudicious. We can hardly go against her opinion in this matter, can we!" replied Lord Elwyn, looking annoyed.

"Oh, but it is cruel, ungrateful!" cried the girl; and unconsciously she raised her voice a little. "Remember how good they have been to me all these years! What will they think of me? It is a whole fortnight since I left, and I have never written a line!"

"What is all this agitation about!" said Lady Elwyn, coming back through the window on to the terrace. "Kathleen, have I not told you before that it is unladylike to speak loud and to get excited? What is it all about?"

"She wishes to write to the Dobsons, my dear."

"That is quite impossible," replied Lady Elwyn decisively. "I do not desire any connection kept up with those common people. I forbid it absolutely. Go to your own room at once, Kathleen, and do not stand there defying me!"

Kathleen moved away without a word, but there were anger and rebellion in her heart.

"I would not have disobeyed her if I could have helped it," she said to herself; "but now I shall see if Sir Adrian will not help me."

. . . . . .

A lovely moonlit night—not a cloud in the dark sky, not a breath of wind, except a faint wind stirring in the branches—a night such as lovers dream of. And yet it was no lover who sat alone in the kitchen-garden at Clortell was one of the features of the place. Although called by that old fashioned name, there was nevertheless but little of the kitchen about it. Broad bands of flowers bordered the paths on either side; trellis-work screens covered with sweet-peas concealed the gooseberry and currant bushes beyond; whilst an arcade mantlered in little white roses reached from end to end between the strawberry beds and the back entrance of the house. It was in the direction of these rose-covered arches that Sir Adrian's eyes were impatiently turned.

"Why does she not come?" he muttered softly; and he told himself that he was angry with her because of the delay—for he would not have owned for the whole world, even to his inmost heart, that it was any other feeling save anger and impatience that stirred his pulses with so quick and hot a throb. "Silly little girl—why does she not come?" he said half aloud.

Presently he saw her—a little white thing in the pale moonlight—coming towards him under the arcade like the ghost of some dead-and-gone damsel of her father's house. She wore her evening dress still, and over it she had cast a black cashmere shawl that draped her in soft folds from neck to foot.

"I don't know that I ought to have come, Sir Adrian," she said timidly as she joined him. "If Lady Elwyn knew, would she mind, do you think?"

"Oh, not at all! Why should she! replied Adrian, with ready mendacity—for certainly he must have known that Lady Elwyn would be furious, although the notion of consulting her as to her approval had certainly not entered his head. "Besides, she will never know; he added quickly—"we will not tell her. How good of you to come, little Kathleen! You know it is very dull sometimes out here by myself; and your step-mother has the most old-fashioned notions concerning cigars. I am banished to the gun-room if I want to smoke in the house; and it is very stuffy—smells of oil and leather, with a flavor of keepers' fustian."

I find the open air much nicer on a lovely night like this—but one wants companionship."

He was leading her away from the broad moonlit path; and now they found themselves in a side alley between two high hedges of sweet-peas and fragrant sweet briar. There were tender shadows thrown across them as they walked—shadows pierced by trembling moon shafts that glimmered fitfully between them

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Duke heard her gay laugh ring out again presently, and he guessed that she was fulfilling her jesting threat, and telling his brother. It was nothing—a mere childish trifle—but it chafed him enough to make him mutter an imprecation as he turned into the house in response to the clanging of the dressing-bell.

It did not soothe his unwontedly ruffled temper when the door of his mother's dressing-room opened as he passed it on his way to his own room. Lady Oldcastle had not summoned her maid yet, and she beckoned him in.

"Well, Duke," she said, and said it with an unusual flush upon her face and brightness in her eyes, "you have not let the chance which I gave you slip, I hope? You have spoken to Adela, of course?"

"No, I have not."—"You have not!"

"No," he said, with an irritated look and gesture, "I have not. It's all very fine, mother, but it's not so easy to speak at a moment's notice; and, even if I had done so, she was not in the humor to listen to me. Besides, there is no need of such desperate hurry."

"Not when you remember that she is summoned home!" Lady Oldcastle asked incisively.

"But she won't go," Duke retorted; "and, even if she meant to go, it would not be for a day or two. It isn't worth while, mother, you must allow, to risk my chance, whatever there may be of it, by speaking at the wrong time."

"Whatever there may be of it!" Lady Oldcastle echoed, knitting her brows. "Again, Duke! You annoy me. I repeat to you——"

She broke off. A step, was approaching the door which made them both start as they might have done had they been guiltily plotting something, for they both knew it. The door stood partly open, and they could each see Sir Guy plainly as he passed on his way to his room, walking with his head drooping a little and his hands locked behind him, as was his custom when he was thoughtful. His strong swarthy face was at its darkest, sternest, and gloomiest. There was little of youth and less of joy there.

Lady Oldcastle laid her hand firmly upon her younger son's arm.

"Do you see?" she said. "He looks like a happy, victorious lover, does he not? Bah! I have no patience to think that you should suffer him, even in so secret a way, to stand in your way. In this one case I tell you that he is more sensible than you are, for he has no more hope of winning Adela Nugent for his wife than he has of wearing the crown of England to-morrow. Can you not see it? It is written in his face."

"Well," Duke admitted rather reluctantly, "it may be true enough; and of course it is absurd on the face of it to think of such a girl as Adela throwing herself away upon such an out-and-out queer fish as that. But, you see, you said that he was over head and ears in love with her, and, if that's the case, he isn't likely to let her slip without trying his luck. Now, is he?"

"Yes," Lady Oldcastle returned, in a tone of decision. "Guy will never ask her to be his wife. He has no thought of doing so. Once again, Duke, and for the last time, I say to you, put him aside as though he had no existence. He has none, as far as the faintest influence upon your plans is concerned. Remember that, and that I am sure of it. And remember this too—do not let diffidence spoil your next opportunity with Adela. Make one to-night, if possible—the sooner the better;" and Lady Oldcastle turned to the ball and rang for her maid.

As he went to his own room, Duke almost resolved that he would. Passionately, deeply in love with Adela Nugent he was not—it was not in his careless somewhat fickle nature to be so with any woman; but he did thoroughly like her, and believed that if she gave him a chance he would find it easy to like her more. He admired her pretty face and graceful figure, he felt the charm of her bright spirits and gay temper—all this quite irrespectively of her fortune, although he was not and could not be blind to its advantages. In short, had he been in his brother's place, he would most probably have wished her to marry him if she had not had a farthing. Again and again during the past month he had told himself that she was the last girl he had ever met of whom he would feel himself likely to tire.

Yes, he thought, entering his room, and standing by the window for a moment, if luck favored him, he would speak to Lady Adela before the evening was over. In spite of his doubtful words to his mother, he had no real fear of the result. He would certainly feel tempted to do it even if there were no seventy thousand pounds in the case. As it was—yes, he would do it to-night.

It was a relief to come to a decision, particularly when it was a pleasant one and promised pleasant things. He moved from his lounging position with a gratified laugh, and, going towards his dressing-table, saw lying upon it a letter. In an instant his smile was lost in a frown. He took the letter up and held it in his hand for a moment, hesitating as to whether he should tear it up and throw it away unread. It was an unwelcome shock to him just then to be reminded thus of Amy Stone. During the past month he had, in fact, found the pretty governess a most uncompromising plague. He hardly knew which annoyed him the most—her tears, her reproaches, or her suspicions. He disliked telling lies, and he had found himself absolutely obliged to tell her several, always with the disconcerting consciousness that she did not believe them when they were told. And, as Adela's influence became stronger over him, he had become more hopelessly weary of Amy Stone. More than once he had devoutly thanked his lucky stars for the chance that had called Guy away. But for that and the awe in which Amy stood of Lady Oldcastle, there would certainly have been an explosion before this. Now what was this letter about? The old thing of course! He tore it open impatiently.

It was a pitiful little letter. It was entreating, angry, loving, pathetic in its half childish wrath, wounded vanity, and fear. The main part of it had read a score of times before, but the last sentence or two were new, and fairly scared him.

"I know you are making love to Lady Adela," the little governess wrote. "I know you are—I feel it. I would not believe you if you denied it a thousand times. Oh, Duke, I told you not to make me jealous! I said it would drive me mad if you did—and so it will! You must meet me this evening in the Beech Walk—I must speak to you. If you do not, I declare that I will walk straight into the drawing-room and tell all to Lady Oldcastle. I mean it. I will!"

Duke tore up the letter into the tiniest fragments and let the pieces fall with an involuntary whistle of dismay. The little note was "coming it strong," and no mistake! Did she mean it? She wrote very much as if she did, at any rate. The knowledge that she "all" which she threatened to tell was but a very little and innocent "all" did not lessen his alarm. It would be quite enough. What a row there would be! In the midst of his wrath and perplexity, he almost laughed at the notion of it. He supposed he must meet her, but he did not in the least know how, and what he should say to her when he did was even more vague to him. He would have to tell her the truth about Lady Adela, he supposed. It would have to come sooner or later, and it would be a good thing got over, although he shuddered at the idea of the inevitable scene that he would have to go through.

The second bell rang at this point of his cogitations, and Mr. Oldcastle had to dress for dinner in a hurry, with the prospect before him of having to propose to one woman and quarrel with another before he went to bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Like Duke, Lady Adela too had hurried with her dressing for dinner; but, unlike Duke, she had found no disconcerting epistle such as he had discovered waiting upon her table, and she was soon ready to go down-stairs.

The drawing-room was empty when she opened the door, and she passed into the conservatory beyond it, which was one of Lady Oldcastle's latest innovations and improvements, to get a rose for her neck. It was soon found and pinned in its place, and the girl, looking all the prettier for the ruddy touch of colors, went back to one of the long windows opening upon the terrace and stood there looking out, toying thoughtfully with a second red rose in her fingers.

Rob Roy sprawled at full length outside, with his great nose on his paws, and blinked lazily and thumped his plumy tail at the sight of her. He looked so placidly, so humanly content that she laughed aloud and leaned forward, making a little coaxing noise with her red lips which no dog of gallantry could resist.

"Come here, Rob, old boy—come along! It's an age since we had a talk together, isn't it? Come, then!"

Rob Roy rose obligingly, though it was clear that he did not want to be disturbed, moved forward ponderously, and poked his muzzle graciously into the little caressing hand. Unable to comply so far as his mistress went, he did his best by waving his tail, cocking up his ears, and blinking with a sagacious air. Adela laughed softly, and patted the great black head.

"You're glad to be back again, dear old fellow, aren't you? I wonder if you know what honest sickness means? Not while you had your master with you, I suppose—eh? Weren't you awfully pleased when you found yourself back again just now? I wonder if you both were? What do you think?"

The girl was quite unconscious of the soft wistful tone which had crept into her voice as she asked the jesting questions, and unconscious too that the door had opened a moment before and Sir Guy had come in. The pause that he made at the sight of the pretty white figure was only momentary, and was accompanied by a curious movement, as though he would have turned and left the room unseen. But he checked the impulse and advanced leisurely.

"Which of us shall I answer for, Lady Adela?"

"Oh," cried the girl, turning with a start, "how quiet you were! I didn't hear you. Which shall you answer for? Either, neither, or both—which you please."

"I'll do it for Rob Roy then. He is decidedly glad to get home, I should say, for, with his fretting, whimpering, and restlessness, he certainly bothered me most woefully at Glendale. It seemed that he couldn't settle down at all. I think I shall leave him here next time."

"He will fret and whimper ten times as much if you do. Won't you, old fellow?"

She gave the dog's head a last pat and released him. Rob Roy, by no means objecting, lumbered to his former place, flopped down heavily, and went instantly to sleep.

"Will 'next time' be soon, Sir Guy?" asked Adela, playing idly with the rose in hand.

"Not that I know of. It depends upon whether my agent Cameron goes on well or relapses. But he is all right now, I think."

"I see. Did you have a pleasant time there?"

"Pleasant!" He smiled rather grimly. "I don't know about that. It was busy enough."

"Well, that is another name for 'pleasant' with you, isn't it? You have been away longer than you meant to be, have you not?"

"Rather. I could have been back last week if I had chosen; but——" He broke off.

"But?" echoed Adela, still busy with the rose. "But what?"

"But I thought it better not," he said, completing the sentence. "You are spoiling your rose."

"Mine! Oh, I have one!" She lightly touched the one at her neck. "You have this one—will you! I shall throw the poor thing away if you don't—and that's a shame. It is a pity to pick them and not to wear them; they look so pretty in one off artistically, you know."

"You, I dare say," he said slowly.

"What is the difference?" the girl demanded airily. "I'm all white, and want a finishing touch, and you are all black, and want the same." She laughed, and slipped the stalk through the button-hole of his coat with the coolness of business-like airs, found a pin among the lace of her dress, and fastened it deftly. "You must feel as I did when I had on my first ball dress," she said, surveying the effect critically—"a great deal too fine to be comfortable. Have you seen Blister yet?"

"Just now."

"He has missed you almost as much as Rob Roy would have done," said Adela, resting her bright brown head against the curtain; "and I couldn't comfort him so nicely as I could have done the dog, I'm afraid. I tried to set him a copy the other day, and it was such fun! It is ages since I tried to write large hand, you know, and I did it rather worse that he did. He'll never respect me again, I'm certain. His respect for my abilities has gone down fatally."

The door opened again, and Lady Oldcastle came in, slowly but not softly. She had a very good view of the figures in the window, for Adela made no attempt to move from her indolently graceful position, nor did Guy stir. If the forehead of the handsome lady contracted at all, it was only in the briefest way; her face was at its calmest and coldest as she greeted her son after his absence of three weeks.

"Good evening, Guy." She held out her firm, white fingers, and their two hands just touched and fell apart again. "I hardly expected your return so soon. However, I presume you stayed as long as was necessary. Is Cameron better?"

"Almost recovered, mother, when I came away."

"I am glad to hear it. I think you are very foolish to keep so delicate and generally incapable a man in your employ. Surely it would be easy to fill his place."

"I could find another man easily enough for the place, but not another place for the man, Sir Guy returned shortly. "I have told you so, mother."

With the faintest possible shrug of the shoulders Lady Oldcastle turned away.

"You know my opinion," she said coldly: "but you must do as you please and take your own way, of course. It is nothing to me." She looked at Adela. "I have written to Lady Nugent, my dear; it was better, I thought, to have no delay. Have you done so?"

"No, Lady Oldcastle," she faltered. "I have had no time," stammered the girl, flushing and feeling guilty as she felt Sir Guy's dark eyes turn to her face. "I will write to-morrow this evening," she said. "What have you told mamma?"

"That we cannot think of sparing you for another fortnight at least. But I have added that I hope she will not insist upon seeing you at Sugbrooke for quite a month."

"You are very kind, Lady Oldcastle; I hope that I may be able to stay," Adela returned, feeling with relief that Guy had looked away from her again. And then Duke entered, and was followed almost instantly by the servant announcing dinner.

Lady Adela was anxious to get her letter to her mother written, and later on embraced the first opportunity of leaving the drawing-room and getting up-stairs to her own room to do it. This she did while Duke was at the piano—he had a fine voice and played and sang all kinds of fanciful odds and ends, and played and sang them well—leaving the room with just a whispered word of explanation and apology to Lady Oldcastle.

She was scarcely gone when Duke glanced round, missed her, and rose.

"Where is Lady Adela, mother? Wasn't she here a moment ago?" he asked.

"Yes. My dear boy, how quickly you miss her!" Lady Oldcastle laughed a soft indulgent laugh. "She has gone to write her letter to her mother," she added, "She seems quite as eager to stay as we are to keep her, I am glad to say. She will not be very long probably."

Duke nodded, drew out his watch, glanced at it, sauntered slowly towards one of the open windows, and stepped through it on to the terrace beyond. For a minute or two his figure could be seen lingering there, then it disappeared.

Lady Oldcastle, withdrawing her eyes from watching him, turned her head slightly and encountered those of her elder son. Sir Guy had been seated in his usual chair, apparently absorbed in his usual book. He put it down now and rose, crossing towards her chair.

"Is Lady Adela summoned home then, mother?"

"She had a letter from Emily to-day," Lady Oldcastle returned indifferently, stirring the warm scented summer air with a languid motion of her fan; "but I hardly fancy she will leave the Towers yet. She wishes to stay—as it is natural she should—and I am of course anxious that she should—for obvious reasons. It would be most vexatious if she were to leave now. It would ultimately make but little difference, of course; but it would delay everything inevitably."

"Make but little difference? Delay everything!" Guy repeated, with a quick frown. "I'm afraid, mother, that your reasons are not sufficiently clear to me. May I ask what you mean?"

"Certainly—I wish to make no secret of it, neither does your brother, I am sure; but I must say, Guy, that I should have thought you would understand. I cannot speak positively, of course, since I believe that nothing decisive has as yet taken place between them; but Duke's engagement to Adela is really only a matter of a day or two. I am delighted. Nothing could be more suitable or please me better than their marriage. Surely you must have seen how things were going before you went away! Did you not suspect it?"

She spoke quite calmly, the smile upon her lips veiling the sneer which sounded in every note of her clear, full voice, still languidly moving her fan, and glancing up at him from beneath her heavy white lowered lids. To see the start he gave, the paling of the swarthy skin, followed by the forced rigid setting of every feature of the dark, powerful face, afforded her a keen and envenomed pleasure. She had stabbed him deliberately, knowing exactly how the blow would strike, and she lay back luxuriously in her chair and smiled.

"No," Sir Guy said harshly, "I did not suspect it. There was nothing to suspect, nothing to see. Even now I——" He stopped; his eyes fell upon the rose which Adela had laughingly placed in his coat, where it glowed against the sombre black, a vivid spot of crimson. He put up his hand and touched the blood-red petals gently. "Even now," he resumed in a quieter tone, "it seems to me that you are dealing in nothing more satisfactory than speculation, mother. You wish this marriage, I have no doubt; it is natural that you should, I dare say. But you have no warrant for that yet. It is paying Adela Nugent a poor compliment to suggest that she has but to be asked to accept your son, or any other man."

"Which of my sons?" Lady Oldcastle questioned slowly.

It did not need the faint disdainful laugh of icy mockery to barb the words. Guy understood them in their fullest bitterness, and the rush of hot blood which reddened his swarthy face showed that he did. His mother almost quailed at the look with which he turned upon her.

"Either!" he said, and turned and went on to the terrace as his brother had done.

(To be Continued.)

Plenty Left Over.

In a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. The occasion was his first appearance, and he took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude." He said: "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes." An old Irishman said: "That's no miracle; begorra I could do that myself," which the priest overheard.

The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time. He said: "And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second or two and then leaned well over the pulpit and said: "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Mr. Murphy replied: "And sure, your reverence, I could."

"And how could you do it, Mr. Murphy?" said the priest.

"And sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

Deeply Interested.

"What's all this I see in the papers about the Satan question?" asked Mrs. Hixby of her husband the other evening. Hixby, delighted to have his wife interested in public affairs, began at the beginning and carefully and elaborately detailed the entire affair to his wife, and when he was through he said: "Now do you understand it, my dear?" "Y-e-s, I think I do, George, only I—I've been thinking——" "Thinking what?" "Thinking for the last ten minutes that, after all, I'd have cardinal instead of lettuce-leaf green on my new bonnet. Wouldn't you like the cardinal better, my dear?"

Not Entirely Lost.

Old George Jespin of Missouri, while in Chicago the other day, went to see the ossified man. When the shudder-inspiring freak was stood up in full view of the wonder-murmuring audience, old George gazed with drop-jaw astonishment, and then, speaking to a man who stood near, said:

"You don't mean ter say that he's all bone!"

"I haven't said anything at all," the man answered, "but if it's any satisfaction to you I will say that he's all bone."

"Well, he beats my time, and my time hain't been so mighty slow, neither. I lived in Indiana one year—tented the old Jimison place, an' not so long ago tuck a trip to Iowa, but I must say that I never seed nothin' like this here before. Ken he eat?"

"Didn't you hear the lecturer say that he can eat anything?"

"Yes, but I didn't know whuther it was the truth or not. I don't reckon he ever has the rheumatiz in them shanks o' hizn."

"I suppose not."

"But I wouldn't take his place fur his wages. Would you?"

"No."

"I wonder ef he's a Democrat."

"I don't know."

"Tell you what I'll do with you: I'll go out an' shake you to see who pays fur the licker."

"I don't drink."

"Hoh, you must be a osterfied man yo'se'f. Well, I'll shake you to see who pays fur the snack."

"No."

"Sort o' clost communion'st, ain't; ou?"

"Don't bother me, I tell you."

"You ain't no very friendly, air you? Say, it wouldn't be safe fur that critter man ter go down in Missouri."

"Why?"

"Becaze some feller would shove him in a bone mill an' have him out on a turnip patch in less n no time. Wall, I'll batter leave you now. I allus make it a p'int ter move along when I find out that folks ain't hankerin' arter my s'ciety. Won't drink?"

"No."

"Won't eat?"

"No, I tell you."

"Wall, come on, then, an' we'll play a game o' poker."

"I'm with you," the man replied.

"Wall, now, I am glad ter see that you ain't all bone. I don't play, but I'm glad ter know that you ain't entirely lost ter the beauties o this world."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

The Housemaid's Guide.

(The above device enables the maid to recognize callers and give intelligent replies satisfactory to her mistress, who can arrange a direct snub or a mild discouragement, as the case may require. But—)

Moral—Young Man, don't necessarily feel flattered at being asked for your photograph.—*Puck.*

In the Bridal Chamber.

Groom—Oh, my darling. I call upon the gods to witness that I quaff your health in their own nectareous drink.

Voice from over the transom—Well, here's lookin' at you.

40 years' record of honorable dealing

40 years before an intelligent public

40 years' loyalty to our patrons

40 years of liberal and equitable methods

40 years manufacturers and dealers

SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

R. S. Williams & Son

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 1504

A SPLENDID CHANCE

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

"SATURDAY NIGHT"

AND THE

WORLD TYPEWRITER

For $10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is $10. See advertisement of this machine another column.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars

HEASLIP & PIERCE

Proprietors

BARRETT & CO.

I X L LAUNDRY

42 Richmond Street West

GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY

Delivery to all parts of the city.

PROF. DAVIDSON

LATE OF NEW YORK

Chiropodist and Manicure

71 Yonge St., cor. King

JOHN McINTOSH

IMPORTER AND AND DEALER IN

CHOICE TEAS and COFFEES

281 Yonge Street

The cheapest and strongest Teas in use are Assom Teas Three to one of Indian Teas, sold by other dealers for 30c. and 35c., may be had from us for 25c.

TRY A 5c. SAMPLE

Very fine Assoms 35c. and 40c. Strong, pungent Himalayan Teas, direct importation from Calcutta, 50c., 55c and 60c., with which we give checks for presents.

See our fine assortments.

Cash discount of 10 per cent. to buyers 5 lb. lots

JOHN McINTOSH

281 Yonge Street

JOHN FLETCHER

IRON AND STEEL WORK

ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS

AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.

Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dunn's Mustard

- EMPLOYMENT -

DO YOU WANT TO

COME TO TORONTO ?

There are Hundreds of Good Situations open for GENERAL SERVANTS, HOUSEMAIDS, COOKS, etc. Write for particulars to

'NEWS' EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

561 Queen St. West, Toronto.

ROSES BULBS BEST QUALITY TREES SEEDS

H. SLIGHT

THE FLORIST

WEDDING FLOWERS

407 YONGE ST.

FOR ALL HEADACHE

USE HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS.

THEY ARE A SPECIFIC

Contain no Opium, Bromides or Narcotics.

—THEY ARE— NOT A CATHARTIC.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For Sale by Druggists.

HOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS PRICE 25 CTS. PER BOX.

OR SENT BY MAIL. ADDRESS THE HOFFMAN DRUG CO. 55 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and International Bridge, Ont.

Boils and Carbuncles

Carbuncles result from a debilitated, impoverished, or impure condition of the blood. They are a source of great suffering, and are liable to appear in large numbers, unless overcome by the use of some powerful alterative. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures these painful tumors, and also prevents them, by removing their cause.

One year ago I suffered from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. I was entirely

Cured By

taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. — Lessner J. McDonald, Soley street, Charlestown, Mass.

For some time past, until recently, my blood was in a disordered condition. I was covered from head to foot with small, and very irritating, blotches. After using three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am entirely cured.—J. C. Ogden, Camden, N. J.

I suffered with Boils every spring, for years, until I began taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For years I was afflicted with Carbuncles on the back of my neck. They were a source of much suffering. I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the Carbuncles, and has since kept me entirely free from them; my appetite has improved, and I am in better health than ever before.—O. Snell, Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a humor which appeared on my face in ugly Pimples and Blotches. By

Taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla I was cured. I consider this medicine best blood purifier in the world.—Charles H. Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

I had numbers of Carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and suffered greatly. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine restored me to health.—Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn.

By taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine effected a permanent cure.—E. F. Lund, Portsmouth, Va.

I have been cured of a troublesome skin disease, caused by impure blood.—Wm. O. Vanever, Battle Creek, Mich.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Boudoir Tattle.

BEAUTIFUL women who have no taste in dress often discover, on donning widow's weeds, that they are positively charming creatures. This is simply because, as their costumes are entirely black, they have no longer a chance to indulge a riotous fancy among colors that will fight. Most faces are wonderfully softened by enveloping folds of crape. Those who find it so seem never to forget the dear departed, but always cling to the mourning drapery. In nine cases out of ten this apparent devotion to the dead is only devotion to beauty-enhancing weeds. The few to whom it is unbecoming throw off the crape as soon as consistent with custom, and may really grieve in greys and browns and blues for a much longer period than the widow who persists in wearing black for years and years, ostensibly in faithful memory of the deceased, but really because she looks well in it.

Have you ever noticed the Lily's smile? Lily Lanetry, I mean. Peculiar, isn't it? Something undefinable, if you don't understand that it is not a smile at all, but a simulated one. She is not the only woman who is passing off counterfeit smiles, however. She comes out before the curtain after being applauded and bows graciously, her lips part showing two rows of teeth, and nearly everbody thinks she has smiled. No doubt she would enjoy doing it if she dared. But she doesn't dare, and so she palms off that simulated thing which is no more a real smile than stage heroism is true heroism. Why doesn't she give us a true, "honest-Indian" smile? Because it would spring from eyes as well as lips and display crows' feet. Half the young matrons have that same way of showing the teeth in a pretended grin, all the while looking out of eyes that do anything else but smile. The bright twinkle in the eye would often dazzle the beholder till crows' feet would never be noticed, but the poor souls are afraid to indulge.

Do you know the reason long-handled eye glasses sprang into favor for the ultra fashionable? Well, you know ladies, don't you? Yes, everybody knows that, and those who know it from experience know it to their very great discomfort; for, with the sleeves made as tight as the skin, and the entire dress waist as close-fitting as compressed flesh and bones will permit, to lift the hand up to the level of the eyes, if it is a possibility (and sometimes it isn't), is a dangerous thing to attempt—dangerous because the tightly strained silk of the dress may split. Besides, it is a painful exertion. The expansion of certain muscles in an elevated position of the arm and shoulder beyond the narrow limits of the dress is positive torture. Hence the long handle to eyeglass and opera glass was a perfect boon. You will always see the slim waist, tight sleeves, and long-handled eyeglass together.

That slender waist is also answerable for an extra layer of paint or powder, for it makes the face red, not flushed, but a decidedly ugly red. There is red and red. There is a red cow and a red nose,

That extra dash of paint called for a veil to conceal its use. Behold the Hading veil! That veil demands that the eyebrows be heavy enough to be seen; hence pencilled eyebrows are raging.

Some peculiar freak of fashion brings in its train a dozen others. The sagacious dressmaker sees the adoption of a certain style, and she knows what will follow as well as the skilful chess player knows the result of moving a certain pawn. If such a thing is done that cannot be done, hence this must be done. It's as plain as the rose on your nose, sir, or the rouge on your face, dear.

The Kicker's Jealous Contemporary.

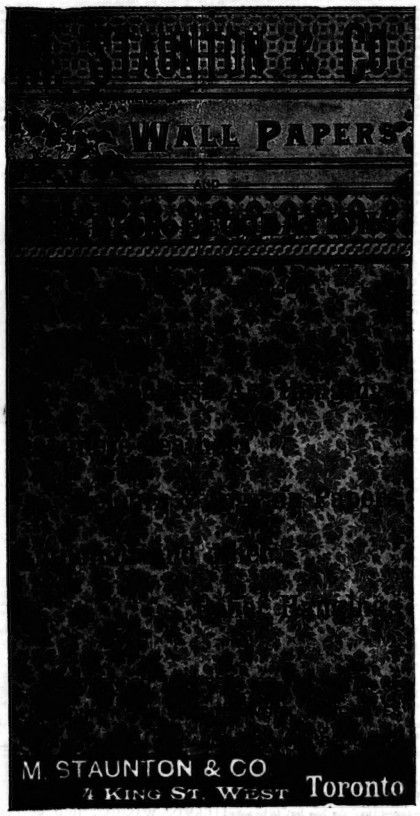
The dyspeptic old excrescence who claims to edit the milk-and-mush publication down at the corner of Catfish alley is jealous of our advertising patronage. In a labored article this week in his poorly printed old apology he says that we practice bull-dozing to bring advertising. What a liar! The *Kicker* practice bull-dozing! The idea is laughable, and if he was worth minding we should walk down to his shanty and choke the assertion down his brazen throat.

There used to be several firms here which didn't believe in advertising. We couldn't make 'em believe in it until we went at it and found out that they were composed of gentlemen who had skipped from the east for barn-burning, horse-stealing, bigamy, embezzlement, etc. Then we wrestled with 'em, and they came to see that the life of trade was in using printers' ink. We simply convinced—not bull dozed. The efforts of our knock-kneed contemporary to smirch the fair fame of the *Kicker* will simply call forth smiles of pity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Righteous Indignation.

The Butler—Mrs. Traymore asked me to say that breakfast is ready, sor.

Uncle Phildab—Tell her I ain't comin' down! When a woman that I've allus been fond of gives her old uncle a shake-down like this, he gits mad. Ain't slep' a wink all night.—*Scribner's Magazine.*



HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

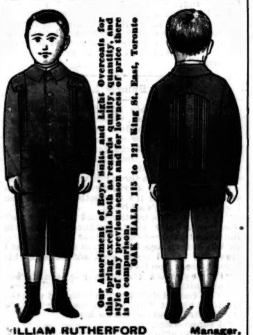
Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

OAK HALL



Our Assortment of Boys' Suits and Light Overcoats for this season is the finest we have ever shown, and for Novelty of Style of any previous season and for towards of price there is no comparison.
OAK HALL, 115 to 121 King St. East, Toronto

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD Manager.

WATCHES

In GOLD, SILVER and FILLED CASE at Rock Bottom Prices

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Stree

THE GOLDEN LION

Mantles and Dress Goods

A Spring Stock which for quality, quantity and variety surpasses anything we have ever previously shown.

FINE TWEED JACKETS --From $3 up. Some made with cloth vests some without. Large collection to choose from.

RICHLY BRAIDED SPRING PALETOTS AND DOLMANS --- Black and Colors, all the new shades.

POINT APPLIQUE BRAIDED ULSTERS --A cable repeat secures us a second supply --$15 up Open to-day.

BLACK BRAIDED SHORT DOLMANS-- The same cable repeat replenishes the stock; plenty now at $12 and upwards.

JACQUARD COMBINATIONS, PLAIN MATERIAL AND FLOWERED - Costumes in this style already made up, and the material as well, both plain and figured. All the new colors represented. Nothing newer. Nothing more fashionable.

R. WALKER & SONS

King Street East

FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

436 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.

DOMINION PIANO

1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
IN SWEETNESS
IN DURABILITY

SOLE AGENCY TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
J. S. POWLEY & CO.
68 KING ST. WEST.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

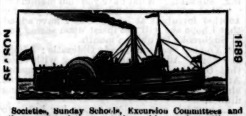
Easy and Symmetrical Tone, Touch and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS.

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Empress of India, G. T. Ry. & Erie Ry.



Societies, Sunday Schools, Excursion Committees and others contemplating excursions this season to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, St. Catharines, Erie Park, etc., come down and get our rates before chartering elsewhere. Early application ensures choice of dates. Apply to W. A. GEDDES 32 Yonge St., or to W. H. SMITH, Purser str. Empress of India, 32 Yonge St.

THE WORLD TYPEWRITER

PRICE $10

PRICE $10

Writes Easily 35 to 40 Words Per Minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass. Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.